



NOVELS







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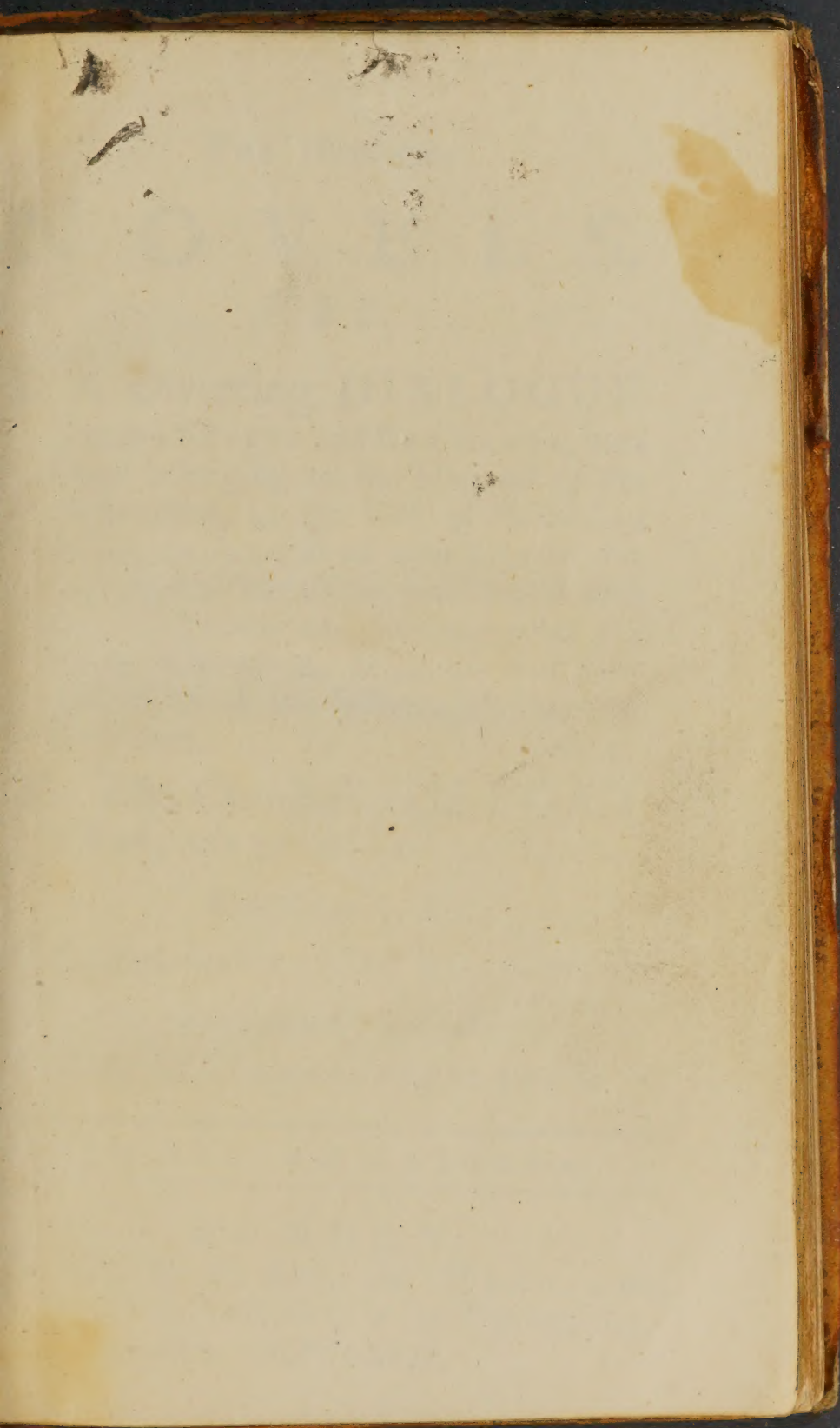
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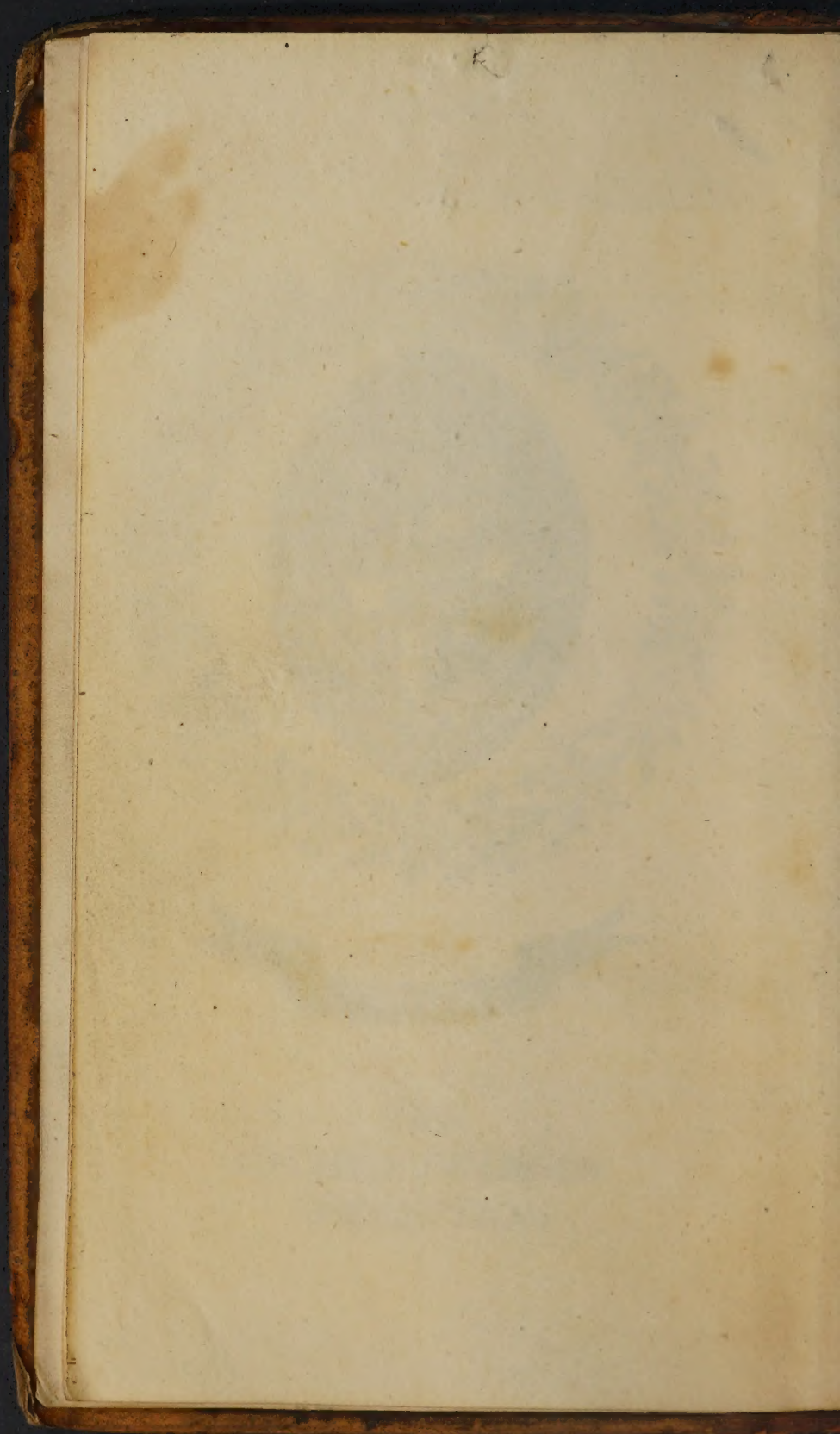
trans.

Rob. Goodby



THE
GEORGE PEABODY
COLLECTION





Two Humorous

NOVELS,

VIZ.

I. A Diverting DIALOGUE

between SCIPIO and BERGANSÁ, two Dogs belonging to the Hospital of the *Resurrection*, in the City of *Valladolid*; giving an Account of their LIVES and various ADVENTURES; interspers'd with their Reflexions and Sentiments on the Lives, Characters, Humours and Employments of the different Masters they liv'd with.

II. The Comical HISTORY of RINCONETE and CORTADILLO.

Both Written by the

Celebrated Author of Don *QUIXOTE*.

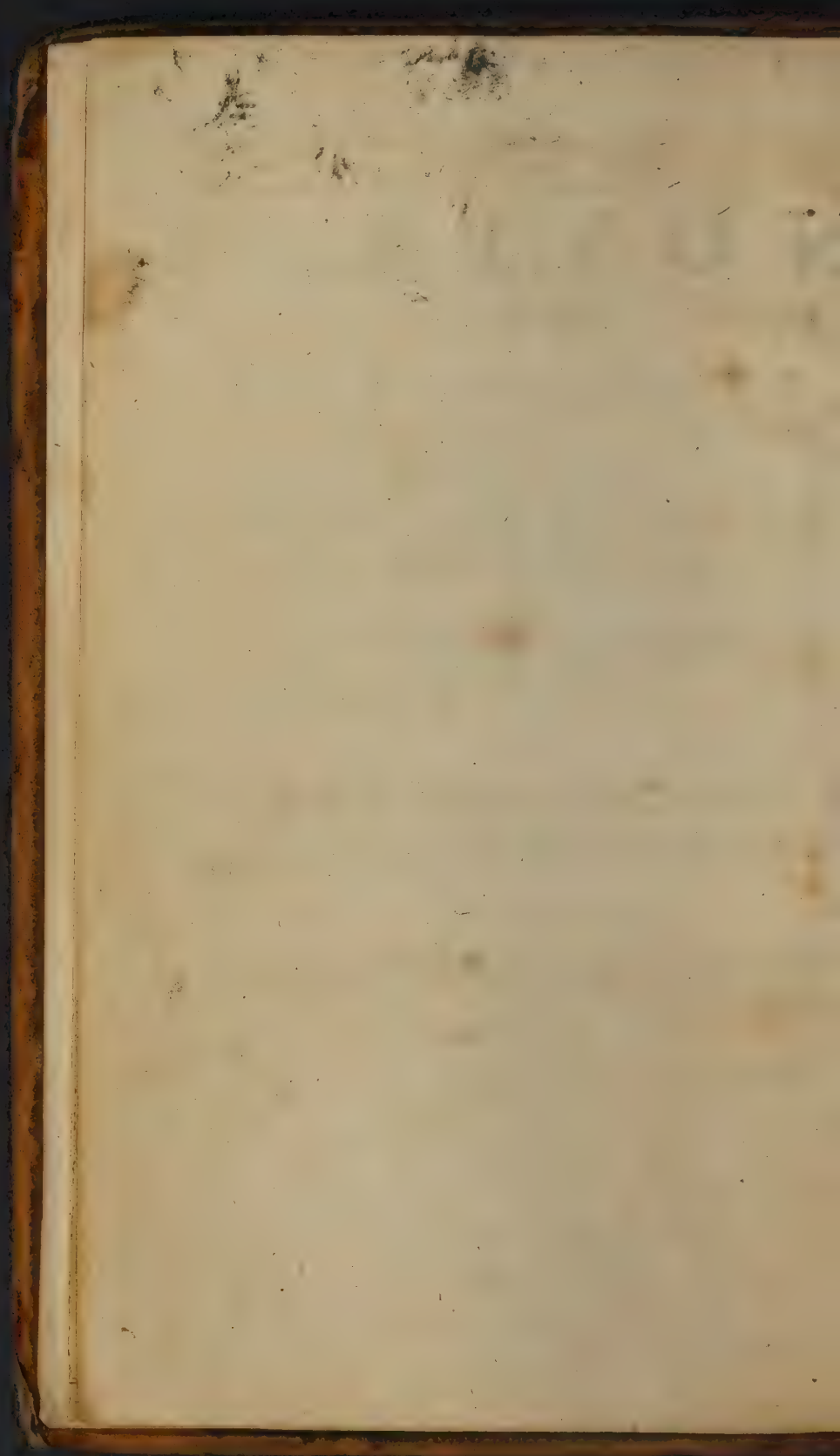
And now first Translated

From the SPANISH ORIGINAL.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *H. Kent*, for WILLIAM
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To the Right Honourable
PHILIP Earl of *Chesterfield* ;
The Right Honourable
THEOPHILUS Earl of *Huntingdon* ;
AND
ROWLAND COTTON, Esq;
GOVERNORS.

The Reverend Mr. *FLETCHER*,
The Reverend Mr. *BEACH*,
AND
Mr. *JOHN BOWER*,
Masters of *Repton* School in the County of *Derby*.

GENTLEMEN,



*WHEN I consider what a trifling
Performance (as a Translator) I
am going to lay at your Feet,
Modesty bids me forbear : But
when I reflect, that it was under your Patro-
nage I imbibed the first Principles of Learn-
ing, and what is infinitely more valuable,
those of true Religion and Virtue ; that I was*
A 2 *taught*

DEDICATION.

taught to behold Vice with Contempt, tho' gilded over by the most glittering outside, and to esteem and venerate Virtue, tho' obscur'd by Poverty, with nothing but its own native Worth to recommend it: When I reflect on this, Gratitude compells me to present You the first Products of your Cultivation: I am the more ready to do so, because there is in noble Spirits, a certain Principle of Good Nature, which is always ready to overlook the Imperfections of any well intended Performance.

I am confident, GENTLEMEN, you will excuse me, though I do not (according to the Custom of Dedications) attempt a Panegyrick on your Virtues, for Minds truly Great, have a noble Contempt of such trifling Praises: I shall therefore conclude with my hearty Prayers to Heaven, that it may grant you the most consummate Happiness; wishing I may be blest with Abilities to produce something more worthy your Acceptance. I am, GENTLEMEN, with the most sincere Respect,

Your very much Obliged,

Most Humble, and

Most Devoted Servant,

The TRANSLATOR.



A DIALOGUE which past between Scipio and Bergansa, two Dogs belonging to the Hospital of the Resurrection, in the City of Valladolid, commonly called the Dogs of Mahudes.

SCIPIO.



MY Friend *Bergansa*, let us leave the Hospital this Night to Providence, and let us retire to this unfrequented Place, where we may enjoy, without being heard, this uncommon Favour which kind Heaven has granted to us both at the same Instant.

Bergansa. Brother *Scipio*, I hear you speak, and I am sensible I speak to you, and yet I cannot believe it, because I think our speaking is so supernatural.

Scip. What you say, *Bergansa*, is very true, and this Prodigy is so much the greater, in
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that

that we not only speak, but in that we speak with Judgment, as if we were capable of Reasoning, this being the only Difference between Brutes and Men; that Man is a rational, and a Brute an irrational Animal.

Berg. I understand, *Scipio*, all you say, and that you are able to speak, and I to understand, excites in me new Admiration and Astonishment: It is true, that in the Course of my Life, I have many times heard our superior Excellence, above other Animals, spoken of; and that some have thought that we have a natural Instinct so quick and penetrating in many Things, that it differs little from the Faculty of Reasoning.

Scip. What I have heard most extoll'd, is our great Memory, our Gratitude, and our Fidelity, so that it is customary to paint us as a Symbol of Friendship; and in like manner you may have seen, (if you have ever minded it) that on those Marble Monuments, where the Persons who are interr'd beneath are represented, when they are Man and Wife, they place at their Feet the Figure of a Dog, denoting, that during their Life-time, they preserv'd an inviolable Friendship and Fidelity to one another.

Berg. I know well enough, that there have been Dogs so loving, that they have thrown them-

themselves into the same Grave with the dead Bodies of their Masters ; others have staid upon their Masters Graves without stirring a Moment from them, and have voluntarily starv'd themselves to death, refusing to touch the Food that was brought them : I know likewise, that after the Elephant, the Dog holds the first Place for Sagacity ; next the Horse ; and lastly the Ape.

Scip. I allow it to be so ; but still you must own, that you have never either seen or heard that any Elephant, Dog, Horse, or Ape, ever spoke. From whence, I conceive, that this our speaking so of a sudden, falls under the Denomination of those Things which are called Prodigies ; which when they happen, Experience has shewn, that some great Calamity threatens the World.

Berg. I believe, indeed, that this pre-sages no good to the World ; for I heard a Student say, a few Days since, going through *Alcala de Henares* —

Scip. What did you hear him say ?

Berg. He said, that out of five Thousand Students that frequented the University that Year, two Thousand of them studied Physick.

Scip. But what do you infer from that ?

Berg. I infer, that either these two Thousand Physicians must always keep People sick, that they may have Employment, (which would be a sufficient Plague and Misfortune to the World) or else they themselves must starve: But let it be as it will, we speak, be it a Prodigy or not, for what Heaven has ordain'd should come to pass, no human Prudence or Diligence can prevent; and therefore we have no occasion to dispute by what Means, or wherefore we speak; but it will be better, since we now have the Opportunity, and know not how long this our good Fortune will last, to make the best use of it we can, and let us talk all this Night, without giving way to Sleep, that it may not deprive us of this Pleasure, so long wish'd for by me.

Berg. And by me also; for ever since I could gnaw a Bone, I have been very desirous to speak, that I might tell the Things which I kept in my Memory, the Ideas of which, by Length of Time, and the Variety of them, were either very much confus'd, or else quite forgotten: But now that I see myself so unexpectedly enrich'd with this divine Gift of Speech, I think to enjoy it as much as I can, and to make the best use of it, making haste to tell every thing that I can recollect, although it may be in a confus'd
and

and undigested manner; for I know not how soon this Blessing which is now lent me, may be requir'd of me again.

Scip. Let this be the Method, Friend *Bergansa*, that this Night you shall give me an account of your Life and Adventures to the present Time; and, if To-morrow Night we enjoy this Gift of Speaking, I will relate mine to you; for it is better to spend the Time in relating our own, than endeavouring to know other Peoples.

Berg. I have always, *Scipio*, accounted you discreet, and my Friend, and now I do it more than ever, since, as a Friend, you are willing to impart to me your Adventures, and to be inform'd of mine, and have discreetly set the Time in which we may relate them; but see first if no one hears us.

Scip. Not a Soul, I believe, for although there is here hard by a Soldier taking Sweats, yet at such a Time, he will be more ready to sleep, than to hearken to any one.

Berg. Well, if I can speak with so much Security, give Attention, and if I should tire you with my Relation, either chide me, or bid me hold my Peace.

Scip. Speak till Morning, or till we are heard, I shall hearken to you with a great deal of Pleasure, without interrupting you, unless I see it necessary.

Berg. I conjecture, that the first time I saw the Light, was in a Slaughter-House at *Seville* ; from whence I should conclude, (was it not for that which I shall acquaint you with presently) that I was descended from some of those Mastiffs which are train'd up by those Sons of Noise and Confusion, commonly call'd Butchers : The first Master I had, was one called *Nicholas* the Flat-nos'd, a lusty young Fellow, as deceitful and choleric as the rest of his Brother Butchers; this same *Nicholas*, taught me and my Fellow Puppies to run at Bulls, and to catch them by the Ears ; and I soon became very expert in it.

Scip. I do not wonder at it *Bergansa*, for as we are naturally prone to Ill, we quickly learn to practice it.

Berg. What would you have said Brother *Scipio*, if you had seen what I saw in that Slaughter-house, and the extravagant Things which are transacted there ? In the first place, you must look upon all that are employed therein, from the least to the greatest, as a Set of People extremely wicked, having no Conscience or Religion, nor any Regard for the King, or his Laws, the greatest Whore-masters, and the most Blood-thirsty Men a live : But nothing astonish'd me more, nor seem'd to me more shocking,

shocking, than to see these Butchers make no more of killing a Christian, than an Ox; for in the twinkling of an Eye, they would run their long Knives into the Belly of any Person who provok'd them, with no more Regret, than if they were sticking a Bull. It was rarely a Day pass'd without Frays, and Blood-shed, and sometimes not without Murders; they all value themselves on being valiant, but their Courage is no more than a brutal Fury, and yet there is not one of them who has not his Guardian Angel, in the Monastery of *San Francisco*, to whom he offers up, on certain Days, some part of the Meat he steals.

Scip. Friend *Bergansa*, if you are as long in relating the Qualities and Occupations of all your other Masters, as you have been about this, we ought to pray to Heaven to grant us the Gift of Speech for a Year, at least, and even then, I fear, that at the Rate you go on, you would not have told half your Story: And I will caution you of one thing, which you shall see a Proof of, when I relate my Adventures; and that is, that some Relations have a peculiar Grace naturally in themselves, others in the Manner of telling them; I mean, that there are some which please, though they are told without any Preamble or flourishing of Words;

others there are, which must be set off with the most elegant Terms, and the Voice and Gestures adapted to them; and by these Means, Stories which are of themselves dull and insipid, become lively and entertaining; and forget not to make use of this Caution in what you have to say more.

Berg. I will do so, if I am able, and if the great Temptation I have to speak, will let me, although I believe it will be a very difficult Task for me to forbear.

Scip. What ever you do, bridle your Tongue; for the Want of this Precaution, is the Cause of the greatest Mischiefs of Human Life.

Berg. I say then, that my Master taught me to carry a Basket in my Mouth, and to defend it from any one who attempted to take it from me; he likewise taught me to know his Mistress's House, and by this Means sav'd her the Trouble of sending her Servant to the Slaughter-house, for I always carried her early in the Morning, what he stole in the Night. As I was once going very diligently at Break of Day to carry something to her, I heard some Body call me by my Name out of a Window, I looked up, and saw a very beautiful young Woman, I stopt a little, and she came down to the Door, and called me again; I
went

went to her, as if it were to see what she wanted, which was nothing else than to take from me what I carried in my Basket, and to put an old Patten in its stead; having taken away what she wanted, she said, Go and tell *Nicholas* the Flat-nos'd, your Master, that he should not trust to Animals, and remember him of the old Proverb, *Plunder a Wolf, tho' it be but of an Hair, and that be of his Forehead.* I could easily have taken it from her again, but I would not, because I was unwilling to defile her white and delicate Hands, with my dirty and bloody Mouth.

Scip. You did very well; it being the Prerogative of Beauty to command Respect.

Berg. Yes, yes, I was mighty respectful indeed, and I was highly rewarded for it too, as you shall hear presently; I returned to my Master with nothing but the Patten, he thought that I returned sooner than usual, and seeing the Patten, guess'd what Trick had been put upon me, upon which, this bloody Man begun to Curse and Swear most horribly, and pulling out his long Knife, struck at me with so much Fury, that if I had not slip'd aside, you would never have hear'd this Relation, nor many others, which I intend to tell you: I set Feet to the Ground, and scampered away.

as fast as my Legs would carry me through the Fields that are behind *St. Bernardo*, not taking any particular Road, but guided wholly by Fortune; that Night I lay in the open Air, and the next Day by good Luck, I met with a Flock of Sheep; as soon as I saw them, I thought I had found the Center of my Happiness and Repose, thinking the Care and Guard of the Flocks to be the proper and natural Employment of Dogs, and which may be reckoned a great and noble Virtue, as it consists in protecting and defending the Humble and Weak, from the Proud and Powerful; no sooner had one of the three Shepherds, who kept the Flock, seen me, but he called me, and I, who desired nothing more, went to him, hanging down my Head, and wagging my Tail, he stroak'd me, open'd my Mouth, and spit in it, he examin'd my Jaws, found the Marks of my Age, and said to the other Shepherds, that I had all the Marks of a Dog of a good Breed; just at this Instant came the Master of the Flock, mounted on a grey Mare, and armed with a Lance and Target, that he seem'd more like a Knight-Errant, than a Master of a Flock; he ask'd the Shepherd, what Dog is that, he looks like a good one? Your Worship may be assur'd
of

of that, answer'd the Shepherd, for I have examin'd him nicely, and there is not one Mark in him but promises well; he came here just now, and I know not whose he is, but I know he does not belong to any of the Flocks hereabouts: Since it is so, replied he, let them put him on immediately the Collar of *Leonzillo*, the Dog that died, and give him the same Allowance as the rest, and make much of him, that he may take a liking to the Flock, and continue in it; saying this, he went away, and the Shepherd immediately put about my Neck, a Collar full of steel Points, having first given me in a Trough, a great Quantity of Bread soak'd in Milk, he likewise named me, calling me *Barzino*; I was very well pleas'd with my second Master, and my new Office, and was very diligent and careful in watching the Flock, without ever stirring from it, except in the Heat of the Day, which I pass'd either under the Shade of some Tree, or else of some Hill or Rock, or upon the Banks of some Rivulet, that gently glided through that Place; and these vacant Hours were not wholly unemployed, for I spent them in calling to mind several things, and more particularly in reflecting on the strange Life I lead in the Slaughter-house,
and

and that which my Master and all those lead, who, like him, are Slaves to the extravagant, and never satisfied Desires of their Mistresses: O how many things could I tell you now, which I learn'd in the School of this Butcher-Lady! but I shall not mention them, lest you should think me a censorious Prater.

Scip. Having heard what a famous Poet among the Ancients said, *viz.* That it was a difficult Thing to forbear writing Satires, I will allow you to point out Faults, but not to injure or wound the Character of any one, by the Thing hinted at; for that Satire is not good or commendable which hurts any one, though it may make many laugh, and if you can please without that, I shall think you very discreet.

Berg. I shall take your Advice, and shall wait with great Impatience, till the Time comes for you to relate your Adventures, by which I shall know the Faults I have committed, in relating mine, and may amend them; for I imagine, yours will be related in such a manner, that they may please, and instruct at the same time. But to pursue the Thread of my Story, I say, that in those quiet and unfrequented Places where I pass'd the Heats of the Day, among many other Things, I reflected, that what I had
heard

heard say of the Lives of Shepherds, could not be true, at least of those which I sometimes heard my Mistress reading of, in Books which treated wholly of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, relating how they pass'd their whole Lives in singing and playing on Pipes, Flutes, and other fine Musical Instruments ; I us'd to stay to hear her read, and she read how the Shepherd's *Amfriso* sung divinely sweet the Praises of the Peerless *Belisarda*, and that there was not a Tree in all the Mountains of *Arcadia*, under which he had not sat down to sing, from the time that the Sun arose in the Arms of *Aurora*, till he set in those of *Thetis* ; and even after the dusky Night had spread her gloomy Wings over the Face of the Earth, he did not cease his melodious Strains, and mournful Complaints ; she read how the Shepherd *Elicio*, more enamour'd than couragious, did not keep within Bounds, but forgetful of his own Amours and Flocks, intermeddled with other People's Business, concerning the Despair of *Sireno*, and the Grief of *Diana* ; the Author said, that he gave Thanks to Heaven ; and the Sage *Felicia*, who by the Means of her enchanted Water, unravel'd that Heap of Intricacies, and laid open that Labyrinth of Difficulties ; I call'd to Mind several
other

other Books of that sort which I had heard read; but they were not worth thinking of.

Scip. Take my Advice, *Bergansa*, censure, sting, and go on, and let your Intention be good, although your Tongue may be a little too free.

Berg. In these Matters, the Tongue never exceeds proper Bounds, unless the Intention is first bad: But if by chance, through Negligence or Malice, I should censure any thing, *I shall only say as the Fool said, Let him take the Cap, who thinks it fits him.*

Scip. If you are discreet, or would endeavour to be so, you will never say any thing which you must afterwards be obliged to excuse: But proceed in your Story —

Berg. I say then, that all these Reflections which I have mentioned, and many more, made me see the different Lives and Employments my Shepherds, and all in that Place lead, from those which I had heard read of in these Books; for if mine sung, it was not melting and melodious Strains, but *See, see, the Wolf comes*, and such-like, and this not to the Sound of Pipes or Flutes, but to that of two Crooks struck together, or else of a Pair of Snappers which they held between their Fingers;

gers ; their Voices were not fine and delicate, nor ravishingly sweet, but hoarse and untuneful, that either alone, or in Concert they seem'd rather to cry and grunt like Hogs, than to sing. They pass'd the greatest Part of the Day in picking their Fleas, or mending their Shoes ; there were no such Names amongst them as *Amarillis*, *Chloe*, *Galatea*, *Phyllis*, or *Diana*, nor were there any *Adonis's*, *Endimion's*, *Philoret's*, or *Strephon's*, nothing was heard amongst them but *Roger*, *Harry*, and *Dick* ; from whence I conclude, what I think all ought to believe, viz. That all those Books are mere Chimæra's of the Brain, and written only for the Entertainment of those who have nothing else to do, and contain not the least Truth in them ; otherwise there would have been some small Remains among my Shepherds, of that most happy Life, and of those pleasant Meadows, spacious Woods, sacred Mountains, beautiful Gardens, limpid Brooks, and chrystal Fountains ; and of those chaste, and soft amorous Expressions, in this Place, would have been a Shepherd in Despair ; in another, a Shepherdess ; there, one would have been playing on his Pipe ; and here, another on his Oaten Reed.

Scip.

Scip. Enough, enough, *Bergansa*, stop your Digressions, and go on with your Story.

Berg. I thank you Friend, *Scipio*, for had not you check'd me, I was so warm in Discourse, that before I had stopped, I should have said enough of those who had deceived me so much, to have filled a Volume. But the Time will come, when I shall be able to tell you the Whole in better Words, and with more Judgment.

Scip. Look at your Feet, *Bergansa*, and you will spoil all, I mean, that you should consider that you are an irrational Animal, and if you now shew any Signs of Reason, we have already both of us agreed, that it is super-natural, and that such a Thing was never seen or heard of before.

Berg. I should think so too, if I was in my former Ignorance; but now I have recollected what I should have told you at the beginning of our Discourse, I am so far from wondering that I speak, that I am more astonish'd that I cease to speak.

Scip. Cannot you tell me now, what you have recollected?

Berg. It is concerning a certain Adventure which passed between me and a famous Witch, the Disciple of *Camacha* of *Montilla*.

Scip.

Scip. Tell it now I beseech you, before you proceed any further in the Account of your Life.

Berg. I shall not do it indeed, till its proper time; have Patience, and give Ear to my Adventures in their natural Order, and they will afford you the greater Pleasure, unless you want to know the Middle before the Beginning.

Scip. Be brief, and tell what you will, and how you will.

Berg. I say then, that I liked very well my Employment of guarding the Flocks, reckoning that I earn'd my Bread by my Labour, and the Sweat of my Brows, and that Idleness, the Root and Mother of all Evil, would not spoil me, for if I was idle in the Day-time, yet I slept not a wink at Night, the Wolves assaulting and alarming us very often; and scarcely had the Shepherds said to me, *To the Wolf Barzino*, but I run before the other Dogs, to the Place they pointed out to me, where the Wolf was; I run through the Vallies, search'd the Mountains diligently, enter'd into the thickest Parts of the Woods, leap'd the Ditches, cross'd the Roads, and in the Morning return'd to the Flock, (without having found the Wolf, or even so much as the Track of him) panting, wearied,
torn

torn by the Bushes, and my Feet pricked with the Thorns, and I commonly found in the Flock, either a Lamb or a Sheep kill'd, and half eaten by the Wolf: I was in Despair to to see of what little Service my great Care and Diligence was. The Master of the Flock came, the Shepherds went out to receive him with the Skins of the dead Sheep: He blam'd the Shepherds for their Negligence, and order'd the Dogs to be beaten for their Idleness; we were cudgel'd heartily, and the Shepherds severely chided; and so seeing myself chastised one Day without any Fault, and that my Diligence, Nimbleness and Courage, availed nothing to take the Wolf, I determin'd to change my Method, and instead of going out to seek him, as I used to do, a great way from the Flock, I was resolv'd to keep near it, for since the Wolf came there, it would be the likeliest Place to catch him at: Every Week they alarm'd us, and in the darkest Night, I could see the Wolves, from whom it was impossible for the Flock to defend themselves: I lay down behind a Bush, my fellow Dogs pass'd forwards, and from hence I observ'd, and saw two Shepherds lay hold of one of the best Sheep in the Fold, and kill and tear it in such a Manner, that in the Morn-

Morning it appear'd indeed, as if the Wolf had been its Executioner. I was quite astonish'd, and remain'd as it were Thunder-struck some time; when I saw that the Shepherds were the Wolves, and that those who had the Guard of it, tore the Flock to pieces, they immediately acquainted their Master with the Havock the Wolf had made, and gave him the Skin, and part of the Flesh, but the greatest and best Part they eat themselves. The Master scolded them again, and the Dogs were beaten again: I would fain have told that it was not the Wolf, which destroyed the Flock in that Manner, but alas! I could not speak. All this filled me with Astonishment and Trouble, God help me, said I to myself, who can remedy this Evil? Who will be able to tell that the Defenders offend, that the Centinels sleep, that those who are trusted rob, and those who are for your Guard kill you?

Scip. You say very well *Bergansa*, for there is no greater nor more crafty Thief, than the Domestic one, and there are more miscarry of those who are ready to trust every one, than of those who are wary and circumspect; but the Mischief is, that it is impossible for People to live in the World without trusting one another; but
let

let this rest where it is, for I would not be taken for a Preacher; therefore go on with your Story.

Berg. I was determin'd to leave this Employment, although I lik'd it so well, and to seek out some other, where at least I should not be punish'd for doing Good, if I was not rewarded. I returned to *Seville*, and got into the Service of a very rich Merchant.

Scip. What Method did you take to get you this new Master, for now a-Days, it is a very difficult Task for a Man of Worth to find him a Master, for our earthly Masters are very different from our heavenly one? These before they receive any one into their Service, enquire strictly whether he is of a good Family, prove his Abilities, examine his Comeliness of Person, and will even know whether he has good Cloaths or no. But with God, the Poorest is accounted as the Richest, the most Humble, as the best Descended, and he requires no more in any one, than a sincere Desire to serve him, to receive him into Pay, which he gives with so liberal a Hand, that it exceeds our utmost Expectations.

Berg. This is preaching indeed, my Friend, *Scipio.*

Scip.

Scip. I think so too, and therefore I will have done. Concerning what you ask'd me, by what Means I got this new Master? I make Answer, that Humility, as you know, is the Basis and Foundation of all Virtues, and without it there is nothing that deserves that Name; it removes all Obstructions, and overcomes all Difficulties, and is always, in the End, attended with Success; it makes our Enemies our Friends; it allays the Choler of the Angry, and softens the Arrogance of the Proud; it is the Mother of Modesty, and the Sister of Good-nature; even Vice, when accompanied with this, appears not so odious, for its Mildness and Gentleness, may be said to throw a Veil over the Crimes of the Vicious, and hide the Deformity of them: I made use then of this Virtue, when I had a mind to be receiv'd into any House, having first considered well, whether it was a House that would receive, and could maintain a great Dog. I immediately went to the Gate, and when any Stranger, as I thought, came in, I bark'd at him; but when the Master of the House came, I hung down my Head, and wagging my Tail, went to him, and lick'd his Feet, if they beat me away, I endur'd it patiently, and even fawn'd upon him

him that struck me; so that seeing my Perseverance and Good-nature, no one could find in his Heart to beat me a second time. Having play'd this Game once or twice, I was receiv'd into the House, where I was always very diligent, and quickly gain'd the Love of every one, and I was never turn'd out again, but sometimes I bid adieu to them of my own accord, or to speak more properly, I run away.

Scip. In the same Manner as you have mentioned, I got my Masters, and it seems as if we read one anothers Thoughts.

Berg. If I am not deceiv'd, I know how we came to agree in these things, and I will tell it you in its proper order, as I have already promis'd : But now give Ear to what happen'd to me; after I had left the Flock, in the keeping of these Rascals, I return'd to *Seville*; as I have already said, which is the Support of the Poor, and the Shelter of the Despised, and not only those of an inferior Rank are contained within it, but its Grandeur and Extent is so great, that even the Rich and great ones are obscur'd, and, as it were, lost in it. I went up to the Gate of a great House belonging to a Merchant, I made my usual Applications, and was soon received into it, where they kept me
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tied behind the Gate in the Day-time, and let me loose at Night ; and on my part, I was very diligent and watchful, barking at Strangers, and growling at those I was not acquainted with ; I kept awake all Night, taking my Rounds about the Court Yards, and going upon the Terrasses, keeping strict Watch on every side of my Master's and the Neighbours Houses : my Master was so well pleas'd with my good Service, that he order'd them to treat me well, and to give me a Quantity of Bread, and the Bones which were carried away, or flung from his Table, and the Remains which were left in the Kitchen, for all which I shew'd myself very thankful, leaping about with the greatest Joy imaginable, whene'er I saw my Master, especially when I saw him return Home, after he had been out some time ; and so great were the Signs of Joy I gave, and so many the Leaps, that my Master gave Orders I should be untied, and go loose both Day and Night : As soon as I saw myself untied, I ran to my Master, and round him several times, but without daring to lay my Paws on him, calling to mind the Fable of *Æsop*, *When the Ass, was so much an Ass, that he would needs fawn upon his Master, in the same Manner as a favourite*

rite Lap-Dog used to do, and was heartily cudgel'd for his Pains This Fable, in my Opinion, was design'd to shew that what is agreeable and becoming in one Man, may not be so in another, and that every one ought to live and act according to their Profession and Quality : Let the Buffoon deal about his Jestts ; the Stroler, play Tricks, and vault in the Air ; the Scullion bray like an Ass ; and the Man of a lower Class, imitate the singing of Birds, and the different Gestures and Actions of Animals and Men ; but let not the Man of Rank and Fortune, ever concern himself with these Things, for though he may arrive to the greatest Degree of Excellency in them, yet it will not redound in the least to his Honour or Credit.

Scip. Enough, *Bergansa*, go on, for I understand you.

Berg. Would to God, that those upon whose Account I mention this, would understand me as well as you do, for I know not what good Qualities I have myself ; but it gives me the greatest Pain to see a Gentleman of Fortune, acting the Part of a Juggler, and highly valuing himself because he can play the Cups and Balls, and that he surpasses every one in Dancing the Chacona. Iknew a Gentleman, who thought
he

he had perform'd a noble Action, in having at the Request of a Sexton, cut out Thirty-two Flowers in Paper, to be placed on a Monument, over the black Cloth; and he made so great an Account of these cut Papers, that he carried all his Friends to see them, with as much Ostentation and Pleasure, as if he was carrying them to see the Colours and Spoils of Enemies that were hung up over the Sepulchres of his Ancestors. But to return to my Story, I say, the Merchant, my Master, had two Sons, one about Twelve Years of Age, the other Fourteen, who studied Grammar in the *Jesuits* College; they us'd to go thither with great Pomp, on Horse-back, if it was fair, or in a Coach if it rain'd, attended by their Tutor, and follow'd by two or three Pages, who carried their Books, and that which they call their *Va-de-mecum*, or Theme-Book: Seeing them go with so much Pomp and Grandeur, made me take Notice of, and reflect on the great Plainness with which their Father went to the Exchange to transact Business, for he never carried any Servant with him but one Black, and if ever he rode out, it was on a little Mule, which made a very shabby Appearance.

Scip. You must know, *Bergansa*, that it is the Custom and Temper of the Merchants of *Seville*, and likewise of other great Cities, to shew their Grandeur and Riches, not in themselves, but in the Persons of their Sons, so that the Merchants are greater in their Shadows, than in themselves : And as they seldom concern themselves with any thing but their mercantile Affairs, thy do not use any Pomp, but go after a plain and decent Manner : But as they are ambitious to appear great, and think their Riches avail nothing, unless shewn to the Eyes of the Publick, so they bring up their Sons in as much Pomp and Grandeur, and cause as much Respect to be paid them, as if they were the Sons of some Prince ; and there are some who purchase them Titles, and the Honour to wear that Mark on their Breast, which makes so great Distinction between the Nobility and Common People.

Berg. It is Ambition indeed, but it may be reckon'd a generous one, to endeavour to better our Condition, if it is done without Injustice or Oppression.

Scip. But Ambition seldom or never obtains its End, without hurting some Body.

Berg. We have already said, that we must not calumniate.

Scip.

Scip. You say true and therefore I calumniate no more.

Berg. Now I find what I have often heard said, to be true, viz. A malicious Detractor will calumniate a dozen Families, and scandalize twenty good Men; and if any one reproves him for what he has said, he will answer, that he has said no harm; and if he has said any, he did not do it with Design; and that if he had thought it would have offended any one, he would not have said it: In good truth, *Scipio*, he ought to know much, and to have a great deal of Patience, who would converse two Hours together, without railing at one or another; for I see in myself, who am a brute Animal, that at every four Sentences I speak, malicious and ill-natur'd Words come in my Mouth, as fast as Flies about Wine: Wherefore I say again, what I have said before, that we derive a Tendency to do, and speak ill, from our first Parents, and suck it in with our Milk, which is evidently enough seen; for scarcely has the Infant got his Arms loose from the swaithing Bands, but he lifts up his Hand to revenge himself, if he could, of any one whom he thinks has offended him; and almost the first Word he speaks plain, is to call his Nurse, or his Mother, Whore.

Scip. You say true, and I confess my Fault, but I hope you will excuse me, since I have excused you so many; and from hence forwards, let us rail no more, but go on with your Story, which you broke off when you was relating the Pomp with which your Master's Sons went to the *Jesuits* College.

Berg. I agree to that at all Hazards; for though I think it a very difficult Thing to leave off Railing, I think to make use of some such Remedy, as I have heard say a great Swearer made use of; who repenting of his bad Custom, every time he swore afterwards, gave himself a Pinch on the Arm, or kissed the Ground, as a Punishment for his Fault; but yet with all that, they say, he could not forbear Swearing: So I, every time, go contrary to the Advice you have given me, and contrary to my own Resolution, not to rail: I will bite the Tip of my Tongue, so that it may pain me, and make me remember another time, that I may not repeat it again.

Scip. This is such a Remedy, that if you make use of it, I expect you will bite so often, that you will at last, bite your Tongue off, and that indeed will be the way to prevent your railing.

Berg.

Berg. At least, I will use my utmost Endeavours, and must leave the rest to Heaven; and so I will pursue the Thread of my Story. One Day my Master's Sons happen'd to leave their Theme-Book in the Court Yard, where I chanc'd to be at that time; and as I had been taught by my first Master, the Butcher, to carry a Basket in my Mouth, I laid hold of the Theme-Book, and went after them, resolving not to let it go, till I came to the School; every thing happen'd to me as I wish'd, for my Masters seeing me come after them, with their Book in my Mouth, bid one of their Pages take it from me, but I was not in the Humour to let him, but carried it into the School, which caused a great Laughter in all the Scholars. I went to the eldest of my Masters, and gave it into his Hands, with a very good Grace, as I thought, and set myself down at the School Door; my Masters were very well pleas'd that I should carry their Book for them, which I did very willingly, and by this means led the Life of a King, and even a better; for I liv'd entirely at my ease, because the Scholars us'd to divert themselves with me, and I made myself so familiar with them, that they us'd to put their Hands in my Mouth,

and even the most of them would venture to get upon my Back : They threw their Caps or Hats, and I fetch'd them again with a great deal of Dexterity, and shewing that I did it with a great deal of Pleasure ; they gave me to eat, whatever they could get ; and were highly delighted when they gave me any Nuts, to see me crack them like a Monkey, leaving the Shells, and eating the Kernels : There was one, who to make Proof of my Abilities, brought me in a Handkerchief, a great Quantity of Sallad, which I eat as if I had been a Christian. It was now Winter, at which time, Roles and Butter in a Morning are very common at *Seville*, with which I was likewise feasted, so that more than two Antonio's were either pawn'd or sold every Morning for my Breakfast. In a Word, I liv'd a Scholars Life, without either Hunger or the Itch, which is the only thing wanting, to make it entirely agreeable ; for was it not for the Itch, and a hungry Belly, are two inseparable Companions of School-Boys, there could be no State of Life could afford more Satisfaction or Diversion ; because, here Virtue and Pleasure, go Hand in Hand together, and our Youth is spent, sometimes in searching out the Paths of Wisdom ; and at other times, in innocent Plea-

Pleasures and Diversions. But at last, as my ill Fortune would have it, the Masters took it in their Heads, that their Scholars did not employ the half Hour that there is between Lessons, in looking over their Books, but in playing with me; and therefore they order'd my Masters to bring me no more to School; they obey'd, and return'd me to my old Post, behind the Gate; and my old Master forgetting the Liberty he had given me before, of going loose both Day and Night, I was forc'd to deliver up my Neck to the Chain, and my Body to a little Mat, which they laid for me behind the Gate. Ah! my Friend *Scipio*, did you but know now shocking it is, to fall from a happy and agreeable State of Life, to a painful and miserable one: When Miseries and Misfortunes rowl in upon us with a full Current, and without any Intervals of Ease, they either quickly bring on Death, to put an end to all our Pains, or the Constancy of them, inures and accustoms us to bear them, which makes the sharpest Afflictions seem lighter and more tolerable; but when from an unhappy and distress'd Condition, all of a sudden, and without so much as expecting it, one is rais'd to a prosperous and agreeable one, and soon after reduc'd to

our former Condition, our Pains and Misfortunes are so piercing, that Life itself grows a Burden: I say then, that I was forc'd to take up with my Dogs Commons again; and the Bones which a Black belonging to the House threw me, and even these were tith'd by two Boar-Cats, who as they were loose, could easily take whatever fell not within the reach of my Chain. Brother *Scipio*, hear me with Patience, philosophize a little, so may Heaven grant you all your Desires; for, if I should omit to mention some things which happen'd to me, at that time, which I have this Moment recollected, I believe my History would not be compleat, nor of any Advantage.

Scip. Take care *Bergansa*, that this Inclination, which you say you have just now to philosophize, be not the Temptation of the Devil; for Slander has no better Veil to disguise and conceal its wicked Intentions, than for the Slanderer to think that all he says are the Sentences of Philosophers; and that to speak ill of any one, is only a friendly Rebuke; and to lay open the Faults of another, a commendable Zeal. And if you search and enquire into the Life of any one of these Slanderers, you will find it full of Vices and Insolence;
and

and having premis'd this, I permit you to philosophize as much as you will.

Berg. You may be assur'd, *Scipio*, I shall not rail at any one, because I am determin'd against it. And so to proceed in my Story; I say, that as I was idle the whole Day, and as Idleness is the Mother of Thoughts, I employ'd myself in calling to mind several Latin Sentences, which I still remembered out of many which I had heard, when I went to the School along with my Masters, and I thought my Understanding somewhat improv'd by them, and resolv'd, as though I had been able to speak, to make use of them on proper Occasions, but not in the same manner as some ignorant Pedants make use of them; for there are some, who in all sorts of Conversation, intermix, with every Sentence almost, little Scraps of Latin, making those believe, who do not understand it, that they are great Latinists, when they scarcely know how to decline a Noun, or conjugate a Verb.

Scip. I look upon this as a lesser Fault, than that which some of those who really understand Latin, are guilty of; of whom there are some so indiscreet, that if they talk with but a Cobler, or a Taylor, they throw out their Latin Sentences like Water.

Berg. From this we infer then, that he is guilty of as great a Fault, who speaks Latin before those who are ignorant of it, as he who pretends to speak it, when he does not understand it himself.

Scip. I can likewise tell you another thing, which is, that there are some, who though they are great Latinists, yet are great Asses.

Berg. Who can make the least doubt of that? For it is evident enough, seeing that in the Time of the *Romans*, when they all spoke Latin, as being their Mother-Tongue, there were some Blockheads among them, whom the speaking of Latin did not excuse from being Fools.

Scip. To know how to hold one's Peace in our Mother-Tongue, and how to speak in Latin, one has need of much Discretion, Brother *Bergansa*.

Berg. You say true, for a foolish Saying may as well be spoke in Latin, as in our Native Tongue, and I have seen, not only once, but many times, learned Fools, and dull Grammarians; and those that understood nothing but their Mother-Tongue, so striped with their Threads of Latin, that they were enough to tire out the Patience of every one.

Scip.

Scip. But let us leave this Subject, and begin your Philosophical Reasonings, you just now spoke of.

Berg. I have already done so ; these are them which I have just now finished.

Scip. What do you mean ?

Berg. I mean those about Latinists, &c. which I began, and you made an end of.

Scip. Do you call censuring other Peoples Actions, philosophising ? so it is : But, *Bergansa*, you may canonize, if you will, the cursed Plague of Detraction, and give it what Name you please ; but I am sure, it will give us the Name of Cynicks, that is, of snarling Dogs ; and therefore I beg you will hold your Peace, and go on with your Story.

Berg. How must I go on, if I hold my Peace ?

Scip. I mean, that you should tell it without so many Digressions.

Berg. I say then, that Dame Fortune, not contented with having taken me from my Studies, and from the jovial and pleasant Life I passed in them, and with having drag'd me to my old Post again behind the Gate, nor with having chang'd my Commons from the Liberality with which the Scholars supply'd me, to the scanty Morsels which the Negro gave me,
resolv'd

resolv'd to disturb that little Ease and
 Quietness which I still enjoy'd; for you
 may hold it as a Certainty, *Scipio*, that
 Misfortunes follow the Unfortunate, and
 find him out, though he hides himself in
 the remotest Corners of the Earth: A
 Negroe Woman who liv'd in the same
 House with me, happen'd to fall in Love
 with a Black, one of her Fellow-Servants,
 who lay in the Porch, which is between the
 outward and inward Gate, behind which I
 was tied; they had not any Opportunities
 to come together, unless in the Night, and
 for that Purpose, they had either stolen
 the Keys, or got false ones; and so almost
 every Night, the Negroe Woman came
 down, and stopping my Mouth with a
 piece of Meat, or Cheese, open'd the Door
 to the Black, which she might easily do,
 having brib'd me to hold my Tongue,
 which she purchas'd at the Expence of se-
 veral Things which she stole for me; for
 some Days, the Bribes of this she Black
 corrupted my Honesty, I being afraid,
 that if it was not for these, my Sides would
 be so pinch'd up by my short Commons,
 that from a Mastiff, I should dwindle into
 a Greyhound: But at last, stirr'd up by
 my natural good Disposition, I was resolv'd
 to do my Duty to my Master, since I re-
 ceiv'd

ceiv'd his Pay, and eat his Bread ; which is what not only faithful Dogs, but all who are in the Capacity of Servants, ought to do.

Scip. This may be call'd Philosophy indeed, *Bergansa* ! for these are wise and true Maxims ; and therefore go on. —

Berg. But first tell me, I beseech you, if you can, what the Word Philosophy means ? for though I name it so often, I know not what it is ; I only conceive it is a good Thing.

Scip. I will tell you in a few Words : This Appellation is compounded of two Greek Words, which are, *Philos* and *Sophia* ; *Philos*, signifies Love, and *Sophia*, Knowledge ; so that Philosophy signifies Love of Knowledge ; and a Philosopher, a Lover of Knowledge.

Berg. You are extreamly wise, Brother *Scipio*, who the Devil taught you Greek ?

Scip. In good Truth, *Bergansa*, you are very simple, in making so great account of this, for these are Things which every School-Boy, even those in the lowest Forms are acquainted with ; and there are likewise some, who pretend to talk Greek, as well as Latin, who know nothing of either.

Berg. This is what I say ; and I would have all such put into a Press, and the Juice of
all

all their Knowledge squeez'd out of them by main Force, that they might not go about deceiving People with the Tinsel of their Scraps of Greek, and false Latin, as the *Portugueze* do with the Negroes in *Guinea*.

Scip. Bergansa, you ought to bite your Tongue now, according to your Agreement; for we have been doing nothing all this while, but censuring People's Actions.

Berg. You say true; but I am not obliged to do as I have heard said a certain *Tyrian*, by Name *Chorondas*, did; who made a Law, which inflicted Death on any one who came arm'd into the Council-House; but forgetting this Law himself, he came one Day into the Council, with his Sword girt upon his Thigh; some of his Friends advis'd him of it, and he recollecting the Punishment inflicted upon it by the Law, drew his Sword in a Moment, and run it into his Breast, and so was the first who made the Law, and the first who broke it, and underwent the Penalty of it. What I said, was not to lay a Law upon me, but only a bare Promise, that I would bite my Tongue, whenever I censur'd any Thing; and now a-days such Things are not so strictly observ'd, as formerly; for To-day a Law is made, and To-morrow
it

it is broken, because perhaps it suits not with our Conveniency to keep it ; and in one Moment we promise to amend our Faults, and the next fall into greater ; it is one thing to commend good Laws and Regulations, and another to submit ourselves to them ; in a Word, Saying and Doing are two Things ; let the Devil bite himself if he will, for me, for I am not such a Fool indeed, as to bite my own self, nor practice Things upon a Mat, where there is no one sees me, who may applaud my heroick Actions.

Scip. I find by this, *Bergansa*, that if you were a Man, you would be a Hypocrite, and that all your good Deeds would be only in the outward Appearance, done in the Eyes of the World, and cover'd with the Cloak of Virtue, only that you might gain the Praise of Men, as all Hypocrites strive to do.

Berg. I know not what I should do then, I only know what I will do now, which is, that I will not bite my Tongue, having so many Things to say, that I know not how nor when I shall be able to make an end of them ; and so much the more, seeing I am afraid, lest at the Break of Day our Speech should be taken from us again, and then we must remain in the dark, as to all these Things.

Scip.

Scip. Heaven will be more kind to us, I hope, do you only follow closely the Thread of your Story, and don't go out of your high Road for the sake of these impertinent Digressions, and then, as long as your Story is, you quickly will have finish'd it. —

Berg. I say then, that seeing the Impudence, Thefts, and Dishonesty of the Blacks, I was resolv'd, as a good Servant, to hinder it as much as lay in my Power: The Negroe Woman came down, as I have already told you, to divert herself with the Black, trusting that the Pieces of Meat, Bread, or Cheese, which she threw me, would stop my Mouth: Bribes and Gifts avail much, Brother *Scipio*.

Scip. Much indeed; but no more of your Digressions, but go on with your Story.

Berg. I remember, that when I studied, I heard the Master mention a Latin Proverb, which I think they call an Adage, which said, *Habet bovem in lingua*.

Scip. O in what an ill Hour have you brought in your Latin, have you so soon forgot what we said a little while ago, against those who intermixed Scraps of Latin, when they were discoursing in their Mother-Tongue?

Berg. But this Latin comes very *apropos*; for you must know, that the *Athenians* had
amongst

amongst their other Coins, a Piece of Money stamp'd with the Figure of an Ox; and when any Judge, for the Sake of a Bribe, had pass'd Sentence in any Affair, contrary to right Reason and Justice, they used to say; *He has an Ox upon his Tongue.*

Scip. But I don't see how you apply this?

Berg. No, why it is plain enough, for if the Bribes of the Negroe Woman, could make me Dumb many Days, that I neither would, nor dar'd to bark, when she came down to see her beloved Black, I have reason to say Bribes are very powerful.

Scip. I have already answer'd you, that they are so; and if it was not for making a long Digression, I could prove, by a thousand Examples, the great Force of Bribes; but perhaps I shall tell it you, if Heaven grants me Time, Opportunity and Speech, to relate to you my Adventures.

Berg. May God grant you what you desire, but give Attention to me. At last, my good Disposition and Resolution, overcame the corrupting Bribes of the Negroe Woman, who coming down one very dark Night, to her usual Diversion, I went up close to her without barking, that I might not disturb the People in the House, and
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in a Moment, tore her Shift quite to pieces, and tore out a Piece of her Thigh, a Jest, which was sufficient to make her keep her Room eight Days in Earnest, pretending I know not what Disorder to her Masters : As soon as she was well, she came down again one Night, and I renew'd the Fray again, and without biting, scratch'd all her Body, as if I had been carding a Blanket : We had all our Battles to ourselves, and I always came off Conqueror, and the Negroe Woman stop'd from her Design, very much out of Humour : But my poor Carcass suffer'd severely for her Anger, and the Marks of her Displeasure might be seen pretty plainly upon me ; she left off giving me my usual Allowance, so that my Backbone begun to stare, and you might easily have counted all my Ribs : But with all this, although they kept me from eating, they could not keep me from barking ; and therefore the Negroe Woman, to make an End of me, brought me one Day, a Sponge fried in Butter ; I refus'd to eat it, knowing the ill Qualities of it, and that it was worse than crooked Pins, because it sticks fast in the Stomach, and never comes out again, without loss of Life. And thinking it was impossible for me to preserve myself long, from the Snares of such bitter Enemies,

mies, I thought it was my best way, to get far enough from them, or in other Words, if I found an Opportunity, to run away. By good Luck, I got loose one Day, and without bidding Adieu to any one in the House; I ran into the Street, and scarcely had I gone One Hundred Paces, but I met the Alguazil, who I told you, at the beginning of my Story, was a great Crony of my Master, *Nicholas* the Flat-nos'd; he knew me, as soon as he saw me, although I was nothing but Skin and Bones, and call'd me by my Name; I likewise knew him, and at his calling me, went to him with my usual Compliments and Caresses; he caught hold of me by my Neck, and said to his two Catchpoles, 'This is a fierce and courageous Dog, able to defend us on any Occasion; I know him very well, for he belong'd once to an intimate Friend of mine, let us carry him home with us:' The Catchpoles were very well pleas'd, and said, that if I was a Dog of Courage, I should be of great Service to them all. They would have laid hold of me to have carried me, but my Master told them, That there was no Occasion for it, for I would follow them of my own accord, because I knew him. I forgot to tell you, that a Gipsy took from me the Collar of Steel Points, which I had
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on, when I run away and left the Flock, and that in *Seville* I went without any ; but the Alguazil immediately put me on a Collar studded with Brass. Reflect now a little, *Scipio*, how Fortune has turn'd her Wheel about ; Yesterday I saw myself a Student, and to Day you see me a Catchpole.

Scip. This is the Way of the World, and I think you have no great occasion now, to complain so highly of the Changes of Fortune ; for I see no great Difference there is between having a Butcher, or a Catchpole, for ones Master. I have no Patience to hear the Complaints which some Men make against Fortune, when the greatest Heights of Grandeur they could ever pretend to, was only the Hopes and Expectations of becoming a Lady's Gentleman, in time ; with what bitter Curses they load her, and with how many Reproaches they revile her ; and all this only, that they who hear them may think, they have fell from a high and prosperous Condition, to the poor and miserable one, they are in at present.

Berg. You are in the right ; but to proceed with my Story, I say, that the Alguazil was very intimate with an Attorney, they both kept Company with two Women of the Town, who had little Beauty, but a great deal of Assurance, and of that Subtilty
and

and Wheedling Art, which Whores are commonly expert in : They fish'd on Shore with both Net and Hook, as the Saying is ; they dress'd themselves in such a Manner, that by the Pip, you might know what the Card was, and in the twinkling of an Eye, one might see they were Ladies of Pleasure ; they were always upon the Hunt after Foreigners ; and when the *Bourdeaux* Fleet arriv'd at *Cadiz* and *Seville*, then was the Time they brought Grift to their Mill, not leaving one *Frenchman* unattack'd ; when any one whose Pockets were well lin'd, and who was unacquainted with their Subtilties, fell into the Hands of these fine Ladies, they immediately inform'd the Alguazil, and the Attorney, what House they went to, and when they were in Bed together, they rush'd in upon them, and apprehended them as Whore-masters, but they never carried them to Prison, because Foreigners always paid a Sum of Money to be rid of such a troublesome Affair. It happen'd then, that *Colindres*, for that was the Name of my Master's Lady, hook'd a *Frenchman*, who agreed to sup, and spend the Night with her at her Lodgings ; she expected this would have been a brave Fish, and immediately gave the Rod to my Master, that he might play him ; and scarcely were they undress'd, when the
Alguazil,

Alguazil, the Attorney, two Catchpoles, and I rush'd in upon them: The Lovers were in a terrible Fright; the Alguazil cried up the Heinousness of their Crime, and order'd them to dress themselves immediately, that he might carry them to Prison; the *Frenchman* was almost scar'd out of his Wits; and the Attorney, good Man, out of mere Charity and Pity, was Mediator; and by the Force of his Entreaties, reduc'd his Punishment to the small Trifle of only one Hundred Rials. The *Frenchman* ask'd for a Pair of Leather Breeches, which he had laid on a Chair at the Beds Feet, wherein he had Money to purchase his Liberty; but the Breeches could not be found any where, and good Reason why, for as soon as I came into the Chamber, I snuff'd up a delicate smell of Bacon, which was very refreshing to me; I discovered from whence it proceeded, by my Nose, and found it was in one of the Breeches Pockets, I mean, that I found therein, a Piece of rare Gammon of Bacon; and that I might feast upon it the better, and pull it out without being heard, I drag'd the Breeches into the Street, and there took my fill of the Bacon, without being disturb'd, and made an excellent Repast; when I return'd into the Chamber again, I found the poor

French-

Frenchman bawling out as loud as he could, in broken *Spanish*, but so that he might be understood, that they should give him his Breeches, and that he had in them, fifty Crowns in Gold; the Attorney thought, that either *Colindres*, or the Catchpoles had stole them, the Alguazil thought the same; he call'd them aside, they all denied it, and gave themselves to the Devil, if they knew any thing about the Breeches: I seeing what Confusion and Hurly-burly they were in, run as fast as I could to the Street, where I had left the Breeches, thinking to have brought them again, since it was only the Bacon, and not the Money I wanted; but I found myself as much to seek, as they were; for some lucky Person passing by, had already pick'd them up: As the Alguazil saw the *Frenchman* had no Money to Bribe him, he rav'd like a Madman, and thought to pump out of the Mistress of the House, what he could not get out of the *Frenchman*; he order'd her to be call'd up, and she came half naked; and when she heard the *Frenchman* swearing and bewailing his Fate, and saw *Colindres* crying in her Shift; the Attorney in an angry Mood; the Alguazil in a furious Passion; and the Catchpoles stripping the Room of every thing they could lay Hands on,

on, she did not half like all this: The Alguazil, without any Compliments, order'd her to dress herself immediately, and come along with him to Prison, because she suffer'd Men and Women of bad Repute, to harbour in her House. Now it was, that the Sport began, ay, now it was, that their Noise and Bawling increased, and their Confusion was greater than before; for the Landlady cried out, Mr. Alguazil and Mr. Lawyer, play none of your Tricks with me, I beseech you, for I see through them all; no, no, put none of your Cheats upon me, but be quiet, and go about your Business, and God go with you; if not, it will be none of my Fault, if I turn the House topsy-turvy, and discover the whole Mystery of this Affair; for I very well know who my Lady *Colindres* is, and I know that it is many Months, that Mr. Alguazil has been her Bully; and you had best not provoke me to explain myself any further; but return the Gentleman his Money, that we may all be Friends again, and not loose our good Name; for I would have you to know, I am a Woman of Credit and Reputation, and I have a Husband who has (God be prais'd) an Instrument to prove his Gentility, drawn up in full Form, and the Seals annexed; and I
 exercise

exercise my Function with a good Character, and without Prejudice to any one : I have the Copy of my Husband's Instrument of Gentility, nail'd up, where every Body may see it ; and therefore sling none of your Scandals upon me, for by my Faith I know how to clear myself : It is likely indeed, a Woman of strict Honour, as I am, should permit Women to bring in strange Men, if she knew it ; but they have the Keys of their own Apartments, and I am not so quick-sighted, that I can see through seven Walls. My Masters were quite Thunder struck, to hear the long Harangue of the Landlady, and to see how she read them the whole History of their Lives ; but as they saw, there was no one, whom they could get any Money of, except it was of her, they persisted in carrying her to Prison : She complain'd aloud to Heaven, of the Injustice they did her, in her Husband's Absence, who was so principal a Gentleman. The *Frenchman* roar'd out for his fifty Crowns : The Catchpoles persisted obstinately, that they had never seen the Breeches, and said, God forbid they should ever be guilty of any such thing : The Attorney press'd the Alguazil privately, that he should search *Colindres*, for that he suspected she must have the fifty Crowns, it

D being

being her usual Custom to dive into the private Fobs and Pockets, of those who fell into her Clutches: She said, that the *Frenchman* was drunk, and what he said about the Money was all a Lie: In short, there was nothing but Noise and Confusion, crying, and bawling, cursing and swearing, and there was nothing would pacify them, nor would they have been pacified till now, I believe, had not the Civil Magistrate of the Night, at that very Instant, enter'd the Chamber, who going his Rounds through that Quarter of the City, their Noise and Cries brought him hither: He ask'd what was the Occasion of this Disturbance? The Landlady answer'd him in a few Words; she told him who the Nymph *Colindres* was, who by this Time had got her Cloaths on; she declar'd the great Familiarity there was between her and the Alguazil; she discover'd all their sharpening Tricks, and their Ways of robbing Gentlemen; she excus'd herself, saying, that no Woman of an ill Character had ever come within her Doors, by her Consent; she canoniz'd herself a Saint, and her Husband for a good and holy Man, and she bawl'd out to a young Girl, to run and fetch out of the great Chest, her Husband's Instrument of Gentility, that his Worship might see it; telling him,
by

by that it would be plainly seen, that the Wife of so honourable a Husband, could not do such an ill Thing; and that if she kept a Lodging House, it was because she was necessitated to it, and Heaven knew how much it grieved her; and that she had much rather, if she could, get her Livelihood any other Way, than by following that Employment. The Magistrate, quite tir'd with her long Tale, and her presuming so much on her Husband's Gentility, said to her, Good Madam, I don't at all doubt that your Husband has his Instrument of Gentility, since you tell me he is a Gentleman Inn-Keeper: And with much Honour, answer'd the Landlady; and what Family is there in the World, let it be never so good, that has not some Blemish in it? What I say to you, Madam, answer'd the Magistrate, is, that you dress yourself quickly, for you must come along with me to Prison; which News struck the poor Landlady to the Ground, she tore her Face with her Nails, and sent forth piercing Cries; but notwithstanding all this, the severe Magistrate was not at all soften'd, but carried them all to Prison; namely, the *Frenchman*, *Colindres*, and the Landlady: I afterwards learnt, that the *Frenchman* lost his Fifty Crowns, and even more, they say,

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for

for they made him pay Costs ; the Landlady paid as much ; and *Colindres*, who had Friends in Court, came off Scot-free : And the same Day they releas'd her, she caught a Sailor, whom she made pay for the *Frenchman*, by the same Trick, of informing the Alguazil. Thus you see, *Scipio*, how many and how great Mischiefs were occasion'd by my Gluttony.

Scip. Rather say the Knavery of your Master.

Berg. But give Attention a little, for these were not all the Tricks he had, altho' it grieves me to speak ill of Alguazils and Lawyers.

Scip. But speaking ill of one, does not include all ; are there not some honest good ones amongst them, who will not concern themselves but with a good Cause ? They do not all spin out their Suits to the length of Seven Years or more, and take Fees of both Parties, nor do they all take more than their Dues, and intermeddle and foment Disputes in Families, to make themselves Employment ; neither are they all in Confederacy with the Judge, as the old Saying has it, *Do you trim my Beard, and I'll trim your Foretop* : In the same manner, there are Alguazils, who do not associate themselves with rascally Fellows and Sharpers ;

ers ; nor do they all keep Mistresses, as your Master did, by whose help they may cheat People ; there are some of them Gentlemen by Birth, and of Gentlemanlike Dispositions ; they are not all such blustering, insolent, ill-bred, mean-spirited Wretches, as those who go about to the Inns measuring Foreigner's Swords, and if they find them but a Hairs-breadth longer than the due Size, they bring the Owners of them into Trouble ; neither do they all pretend to take up and release People, and be both Judges and Advocates, just when they have a mind.

Berg. My Master soar'd higher than all this, and went another way to work ; he pretended to be mighty Valiant, and to execute dangerous Arrests ; he upheld his Reputation for Valour, without hazarding his Person, but his Purse was forc'd to bleed for it ; one Day he attack'd six noted Bravadoes, under the Gate *Xeroz*, without the Assistance of any one, neither could I be of any Service to him, my Mouth being muzzel'd, (for he us'd to keep me so in the Day-time, and took it off at Night) I was quite astonish'd to see his Boldness, Bravery and Resolution ; for he made no more of the Swords of these six Ruffians, than if they had been Osier Twigs ; it was indeed matter of Wonder, to see with what Agility he

attack'd them, the Thrusts he made, and with what Swiftneſs he turn'd his Eye about on every ſide, and what a ſtrict Guard he kept, that they might not ſurround him. In a Word, he was look'd upon by me, and all who beheld the Fray, as a ſecond Don *Quixote*, having drove his Enemies from the Gate of *Xerox*, to the College of *Roderigo*, which is more than a Hundred Paces; he left them there, and return'd to gather up the Spoils of the Battle, which were three Scabbards, and immediately went and ſhew'd them to the Civil Magiſtrate, who at that Time, if I miſtake not, was the *Civilian Sarmiento de Valladares*; the People ſtar'd at my Maſter as he went along the Streets, pointing to him, as much as to ſay, There goes the valiant Man, who had the Courage to combat alone with the very Flower of the Bravadoes of *Andaluzia*; my Maſter ſpent the reſt of the Day in going up and down the City to ſhew himſelf; and the Night came upon us in the Street call'd *Triana*, near the Powder-mill; my Maſter having pry'd about, to ſee if no one obſerv'd him, he went into a Houſe, and I after him; we found in the Court-Yard, all thoſe Giants, (as I may very well call them) who before had made the Fray, without either Cloaks or Swords; and one of them, whom
I judg'd

I judg'd to be the Landlord, held in one Hand a Jug of Wine, and in the other a large Goblet, which he fill'd up to the Brim with generous and sparkling Wine, and drank to all the Company: As soon as they saw my Master, they ran to him with open Arms, they all drank to him; he pledg'd them all, and he would even have done it to as many more, being a good-natur'd Soul, and one who would not quarrel with his Friend for a small Matter; should I attempt to relate every Thing that was treated of there, in what Manner they sup'd, the Frays which they recounted, the Thefts they related, the Ladies which were thought qualified for their Employment, and those which were rejected; the Praises which they gave one another, the absent Bullies which were mentioned, the flourishing of their Hands, and the fine Words they made use of, and lastly, the odd Figure of the Landlord, to whom they all paid Respect, as to a Master or Father, I should bring myself into a Labyrinth, from whence I could not get out again when I had a mind. In a Word, I found out at last, that the Master of the House, whose Name was *Monipodio*, was one who harboured Thieves and Bravoës, and that my Master's terrible Fray had been

first concerted amongst them, as likewise their running away and leaving their Scab-bards; for which, my Master paid down a Sum of Money, and likewise the Expence of their Supper, which was concluded about Break of Day, to the Satisfaction of them all: Just before they broke up, they gave Information to my Master, of a strange Bully who was just come into the City, spack and span-new, and whom, as he was more valiant than themselves, they inform'd against, out of mere Spite. My Master took him the next Night in Bed, and he chose the right Time, for if he had been dress'd, I saw by his Mein, he would not have been so easily taken: By this Action which follow'd just upon the Heels of the Fray, the Fame of my cowardly Master was augmented, for he was naturally more faint-hearted and fearful than a Hare, being only one of your Pot-valiant People; and whatever he got by his Office or Informations, went down the Channel of his Valour, or in other Words, was spent in good Eating and Drinking. But have Patience, and give Ear to an Adventure which happen'd to him, and which I shall tell, without adding or diminishing one Tittle from the real Truth of it. Two Thieves stole a very good Horse in *Ante-
quera,*

quera, they brought him to *Seville*, and made use of, in my Opinion, a cunning and witty Stratagem to sell him without Danger: They went and put up at two different Inns, and one of them went to the Magistrate, and made Information that *Pedro de Losada* ow'd him four Hundred Rials, which he had lent him, as appear'd by a Note signed with his own Hand, which he produced: The Magistrate order'd that this same *Losada* should acknowledge the Note, and that if he acknowledg'd it, they should either take from him some Pledge of as great Value, or else put him in Prison. This Job happen'd to fall to my Master's Share, and the Attorney his Friend. The Thief carried them to the Inn where the other lodg'd, and he immediately acknowledg'd his Hand, and confessed the Debt, and consign'd the Horse as a Pledge for the Payment of it, which being seen by my Master, he lik'd him so well, that he was very desirous of having him, and mark'd him for his own, if he should happen to be sold. The Thief let the Time allow'd by Law for the Payment of the Money, elapse, and the Horse was put up to Sale at the Inn, and was knocked down at five Hundred Rials, to one whom my Master had privately order'd to buy it; the Horse

was well worth half as much again as they gave for it, but as there was not much Company in the Inn, no Body bid higher; so one of the Thieves recovered the Debt, which was never due to him, and the other an Acquittance, which he had no need of, and my Master remain'd in Possession of the Horse: The Thieves immediately decamp'd; and two Days afterwards, my Master having new burnish'd up the Furniture, and got every Thing that was wanting to the Horse, appear'd upon it in the Market-Place of *San Francisco*, more proud and stately than a Clown in his Holiday Cloaths; his Friends congratulated him a thousand Times on his good Bargain, affirming that it was as well worth one Hundred and fifty Ducats, as an Egg a Maravedi; and he making the Horse prance and caper about, acted his own Tragedy on the Theatre of the above-mentioned Market-Place. While he was wheeling and prancing about in this Manner, two Men, who look'd like Gentlemen, being very well dress'd, came up to him, and one of them cried out, Surely this is my Horse, which was stole from me a few Days ago in *Antequera*: all those who were with him, which were four Servants, confirmed what he said, and that it was the very Horse that had

had been stole from him ; with this, my Master was Thunder-struck ; the Owner of the Horſe made great Complaints, and gave ſuch good Proofs that it was his, that Sentence was paſſ'd in his Favour, and my Maſter diſpoſſeſſ'd of the Horſe. The comical Trick of the Thieves, in making uſe of the Hands of Juſtice itſelf, to ſell what they had ſtolen, was talk'd of all about the City ; and almoſt every one was well pleas'd that my Maſter's *Grecdineſs*, had at laſt, *burſt the Bag with over-craming it*. But his Miſfortunes did not ſtop here ; for that very ſame Night, the Civil Magiſtrate going upon the Patroll through the Streets, having had Information given him, that there was ſome Robbers in the Quarter of *St. Julian* : Juſt as we came to a Croſs-Way, they eſpied a Man running by, and at this very Moment, the Magiſtrate taking me by my Collar, and clapping me on the Back, cried, *To the Thief, Gavilan, to the Thief* : I, who was quite provok'd, and my Patience wearied out, by the ſharping and baſe Tricks of my Maſter, that I might execute fully Mr. Magiſtrate's Orders, immediately fell upon my Maſter, and without his being able to help himſelf, I flung him to the Ground, and if they had not taken me off, I ſhould have taken more
than

than a four-fold Vengeance on him. The Catchpoles would have beaten me, and even have knocked me on the Head, had not Mr. Magistrate said, in a magisterial Tone, *Let no one touch him, for the Dog aid what I order'd him.* But however, seeing their Indignation, I, without taking Leave of any one, got through a little Hole in the Town-Wall into the Fields, and before Day-break, found myself in *Mayrena*, a Town about four Leagues from *Seville*. My good Luck would have it so, that I found therein a Company of Soldiers, who I heard say, were going to embark at *Carthagena*. There were amongst them four Bullies, who were great Cronies of my Master; and one of them was a Drummer, who had been before a Catchpole, and was a great Juggler, as Drummers commonly are: They all knew me, and they all spoke to me, and ask'd me where my Master was? as if I had been able to have answered them: But he who took the most Notice of me, was the Drummer, and so I determin'd to stay with him, if he would let me, and to follow him whithersoever he went, though it should be into *Italy*, or *Flanders*; because I am of Opinion, that although the Proverb says, *He that goes to Rome a Fool, will return a Fool*, yet the visiting

visiting divers Countries, and the conversing with different Nations and People, makes a Man wise.

Scip. You say right, for I remember; to have heard one of my Masters, who was a great Scholar, say, That a famous *Greek*, called *Ulysses*, had the Reputation of being a very wise Man, for only having travelled through many Countries, and conversed with different People, and various Nations; therefore I commend the Resolution you took, to go where-ever they should carry you.

Berg. The Drummer, to set off his juggling Tricks to the better Advantage, taught me to Dance to the Sound of a Drum, and to play several other Monkey Tricks, very much above the Capacity of any other Dog but myself: The Time of their Commission being almost expir'd, they began to march by short Stages: By good Luck, we had no Commissary to restrain us; the Captain was a young Man, but a very valiant Gentleman; as for our Ensign, it was not long since he had left the Court, and the publick Feasts; and our Serjeant was a good-natur'd Soul, and one who was the Diversion of all Companies: But the Misfortune was, that our Company was full of prating Bullies, who committed Insolencies
in

in the Towns, through which we took our Rout, which occasion'd Curfes to be pour'd on his Head, who did not deserve them: It is the Unhappinefs of a good Prince, to be blam'd by his People, for the Faults of his Officers, becaufe fome are the Plagues of others, without any Fault of the Prince; for although he was ever fo defirous, and fhould ufe his utmoft Endeavours, he would not be able to remedy thefe Evils; becaufe War is really a Scourge, and will always carry with it fomething of Roughnefs and Severity, and be attended with great Inconveniencies. In fhort, in lefs than fifteen Days, by means of my quick Apprehenfion and Readinefs to learn, and the Diligence of him who I had chofe for my Patron: I knew how to Dance, when I was bid to do it, for the King of *France*, and not to wag a Foot for the Tavern Woman: He taught me likewise to curvet and prance like a *Neapolitan* Horfe, and to go round like a Mule in a Mill, with other fuch like things; that if I had not found by Experience, that I had fufficient Abilities to perform them, I fhould have been doubtful, whether it was not fome Devil in the Shape of a Dog, who perform'd all thefe things. My Mafter gave me the Title of the *Wife Dog*; and we no fooner arriv'd at any of
our

our Quarters, but he went through this whole Town, beating his Drum, and giving Notice to all Persons, who had the Curiosity to come and see the wonderful Qualities, and surprizing Performances of the *Wise Dog*, that they were shewn in such a House, or such an Hospital, at the Price of eight or four Maravedies a-piece, according to the largeness or smallness of the Town. My Master made so eloquent an Harangue on my noble Qualifications, that there was not one Person in the Town, who did not come to see me; and every Body went Home again struck with Astonishment, and very well pleas'd with my Performances. My Master triumph'd in his great Gains, and maintain'd six of his Comrades like so many Kings. Covetousness and Envy incited in these Russians, a great Desire to steal me, and they sought an Opportunity to do it, for many are in love with, and greedy of Gain, only that they may spend it in good Eating and Drinking. This makes so many, who go about in *Spain* with Puppet-shows, and others selling Pins and Ballads, that their whole Stock, though they should sell it all, would not be sufficient to keep them one Day; and besides, both the one and the other are never out of the Cook-shops, and the Publick-houses,

all

all the Year round ; from whence, I conceive, that their Drunkenness and Gluttony, must be supported by some other Means, than the Profits of their respective Trades. They are all of them a vagabond useless Set of People, who suck in Wine like a Sponge, and are great Devourers of Bread.

Scip. No more, *Bergansa*, let us not return to our old Trade again, but go on with your Story, for the Night wears away, and I would not have any Part of your Story untold, at Break of Day.

Berg. Give Attention then : As it is an easy thing to make Improvements and Additions to Things once invented, my Master seeing how well I could imitate a *Neapolitan* Courser, made me a Housing of gilt Leather, and a small Saddle, which he put on my Back ; he made likewise a little Figure of a Man, with a Lance in his Hand, as they have when they ride at the Ring ; he mounted the little Gentleman on my Back, taught me to run dexterously at a Ring, which he plac'd between two Sticks ; and the Day I was to run at it, he gave Notice, that the *Wise Dog* would run at the Ring that Day, and perform many other new and surprising Tricks, such as had never been seen before, which, as they say, I perform'd with great Dexterity, that
I might

I might not make my Master a Liar. We arriv'd at length, by our set Stages, to *Montilla*, a Town belonging to that famous and good Christian, the Marquis of *Priego*, Lord of the House of *Aguilar* and *Montilla*. They quarter'd my Master in an Hospital, according to his Desire ; he immediately made his usual Proclamation, and as Fame blew before, to carry the News of the surprising Qualities and wonderful Performances of the *Wise Dog*, in less than an Hour, the Yard was full of People. My Master was overjoy'd to see what a plentiful Harvest he had, and shew'd that Day, several Tricks more than usual : My first Performance, was leaping through a Hoop several times, and in a different Manner : He made use of the usual Words, to conjure me, and when he held down a little Wand, which he held in his Hand, was the Sign for me to jump ; and when he held it up, for to stand still : The first Word of Command he gave me that Day, (which was one of the most Memorable of my whole Life) was, Come my brave Lad *Gavilan*, leap for that old Man whom you know blacks his Whiskers every Morning, to make himself look young ; and if not for him, leap for the Pomp and Grandeur of the new-made Countess *Pimpinela*, of
Plaza-

Plafagonia, who is always talking of her Quality, though before her Husband married her, she was but a Cook-maid : Do not you like the Word of Command *Gavilan* ? Leap then for the Batchelor *Pasilas*, who sign'd himself a Master of Arts, without having taken any Degree, O, you are lazy, I believe, why don't you leap ? But I guess what you would be at, leap now then for the Wine of *Esquivias*, equally famous with that of the Royal City, St. *Martin* and *Ribidavia* : He held down his Wand, and I jump'd up. He immediately turn'd about to the People, and said with a loud Voice, Do not think most noble and illustrious Audience, that it is only a few trifling Things this Dog knows. I have taught him twenty-four Things, the least of which, it is worth going thirty Leagues to see : He can Dance a Saraband, and the Chacona, better than even the Inventors of them ; he can drink three Pints of Wine, without leaving a Drop ; he sings *sol, fa, mi, la*, as well as any Parish-Clerk in the Kingdom ; all these Things, and many more, too tedious to mention, you shall see fresh Proofs of, every Day, while our Company stays here ; and now one more leap of this *Wise Dog*, and then we shall entertain you with his other Performances.

With

With this, he kept in suspense, the Minds of his most noble Audience, as he called them, and inflam'd them with a vehement Desire of seeing all my fine Performances : And turning about to me, he said, Come *Gavilan*, repeat once more, what you perform'd just now, for the Sake of that famous Witch, who they say lives in this Place ; scarcely had he spoken these Words, when an old Woman of about Threescore, who belong'd to the Hospital, set up a loud Cry, bawling out, Thou knavish Impostor, and prating Mountebank, thou Son of a Whore, who dost thou call a Witch, for there is never a one in this Place ? If thou meanst the famous Witch *Camacha*, she has long since paid for all her Offences, and is now, God only knows where : But if thou meanst me, saucy Buffoon, know I neither am, nor ever have been a Witch ; and if you have heard so, you have been falsely inform'd. — All the World knows the Penance I do, not for my Witchcrafts, for I never practis'd any ; but the many other Sins, which, as a sinful Woman I have committed : And therefore thou knavish Piper, get the gone out of the Hospital, or else by my Faith, I shall make you mend your Pace ; with this, she set up such a Scolding, and rung such
a Peal

a Peal in my Master's Ears, that he was almost scar'd out of his Wits; in fine, she would not suffer him by any Means, to go on with his Show. My Master was not at all displeas'd with this Hurly-burly, because he had got the Money into his Pocket, and set a-part for another Day and another Hospital, the remaining Part of my Performances. The People went away cursing the old Woman, calling her, not only a Witch, but an old bearded Sorceress. But however, we staid in the Hospital that Night; and the old Woman meeting me alone in the Court-Yard, said to me, Do I see thee, my Son *Montiel*? Have I at last the Happiness to behold thee, my Son? Hearing this, I lift up my Head, and looked at her stedfastly for a good while, which she seeing, run to me with Tears in her Eyes, and throwing her Arms about my Neck, would fain have kissed me, if I would have let her; but I loathing the very Thoughts of it, would not permit her.

Scip. You did well, for it is not a Pleasure but a Punishment, to kiss, or be kissed by an old Woman.

Berg. What I am going to tell you, I should have told you at the beginning of my Story, and so we should have been
less

less astonish'd at hearing ourselves speak; for you must know, the old Woman said to me, follow me my Son *Montiel*, and I will shew you where my Chamber is, contrive to meet me there alone this Night, I will leave the Door open for you, for know, I have many Things to acquaint you with concerning your Life, which it imports you much to be inform'd of: I held down my Head, in token of Obedience, by which she was thoroughly confirmed in her Belief, that I was the Dog *Montiel*, whom she sought for, as she afterwards told me. I remain'd quite amaz'd and perplex'd, expecting Night, with the greatest Impatience, to see where this Mystery or Prodigy of the old Woman's Words to me would end; and as I heard them say she was a Witch, I expected to see and hear great Things from her. At last, the long-wish'd for Moment came, that I saw myself in her Chamber, which was a little dark Cell; there was no other Light in it, but what the faint Glimmerings of an Earthen Lamp afforded; when I went in, the old Woman was setting upon a little Chest, stirring the Fire; she immediately call'd me to her, and without speaking a Word, began to embrace me again, and I was forc'd to be upon the Watch, that she might not kiss me. The
first

first Words she broke Silence with, were,
 I always trusted in Heaven, that before
 these Eyes were closed in eternal Night,
 I should behold thee, my Son ; and now
 that I have seen thee, let Death come and
 free me from this troublesome Life : You
 must know, my Son, that in this City,
 liv'd the most famous Witch that ever
 was in the World, whom they call'd *Ca-*
macha de Montilla ; she was so expert in
 her Enchantments, that neither the *Eriete's*,
Circe's, *Medea's*, or any others of those,
 of whom I have heard say, Histories are
 full, were to compare to her : She could
 congeal the Clouds whenever she had a
 mind, covering therewith the Face of the
 Sun ; and when she pleas'd, she could make
 the most cloudy and tempestuous Sky, be-
 come clear and serene ; she transported Men
 in the twinkling of an Eye, from the most
 distant Countries, and had a wonderful
 Cure for those Virgins, who had been neg-
 ligent in guarding their Honour ; she con-
 ceal'd the Faults of Widows, in such a
 Manner, that though they were wanton,
 yet they were accounted modest ; she part-
 ed those that were married, and married
 whomsoever she pleased : In *December*, she
 had fresh Roses in her Garden ; and in
January, she cut Wheat. To make Wa-
 ter

ter Cresses grow in a Tray, or to shew any Person, that was required, either Alive or Dead, in a Looking-Glass, or in a Bason of Water, was accounted but a Trifle by her: She is said, to have transformed Men into Beasts, and that she really made use of a Sexton six Years, under the Form of an Ass, which I have never been able to comprehend how it is done. For that which is said of those ancient Enchantresses, who transform'd Men into Beasts, the most learned Men say, that it was nothing else, but that they, with their great Beauty and Allurements, drew in Men to be deeply in Love with them, and subjected them in such a Manner, making them subservient to all their wanton Desires, that they were more like Beasts than Men. But in you, my Son, Experience shews me the contrary, for I know that thou art a Man, though I see thee in the Likeness of a Dog, unless this is effected by what they call a *Deceptio Visus*, which makes one Thing appear for another. Let that be as it will, what grieves me is, that neither I nor thy Mother, for we were both Disciples of the good *Camacha*, ever arriv'd to such a Degree of Perfection in this Art, as she herself; not because we had not Capacities and Inclinations to learn, for we had rather too much,

than

than too little of these ; but because of her Malice and Envy, for she would never communicate to us the more hidden Secrets of her Art, but reserv'd them to herself. Your Mother, Son, was called *Montiela*, and after *Camacha*, was very famous ; my Name is *Cannizares*, and if I am not so wise as those two, yet at least I have as good Desires, as the best of them. It is true, that even *Camacha* herself did not surpass your Mother in Courage, for she would draw a Circle, and shut herself up in it, with a whole Legion of Devils : For my Part, I must confess I was always a little fearful, and contented myself with conjuring up half a Legion. But with reverence be it spoken of them both, in Respect of that which concerns the mixing and preserving the Ointments, with which we anoint ourselves, I will not yield to either of them, nor to any who at this Day are Proficients in the same Art. But you must know, my Son, that as I have seen, and see daily, that Life which runs upon the swift Wings of Time, comes to an End at last, I have resolv'd to leave all the Crimes of Witchcrafts, and have contented myself with only being a Sorceress, which is a very difficult Vice to forsake ; your Mother did the same, she forsook a great many

many Vices, and did a great many good Deeds in this Life ; but she at last died a Sorceress, she did not die of any Infirmary, but of Grief, which *Camacha* her Mistress was the Cause of, either out of Spite, which she conceiv'd against her, because she was grown almost as great a Proficient in our Art, as herself, or else from some other private Grudge, or little Pique of Jealousy, which I could never thoroughly sift out ; for your Mother being with Child, and the Hour of her Delivery being come, *Camacha* was her Midwife, who received into her Hands, what your Mother brought forth ; and she immediately shew'd her, that she had been delivered of two little Puppies ; and as soon as she saw them she cried out, Good Heavens ! what Malice and Villany is here ? Nevertheless Sister *Montiela*, I am thy Friend, and will conceal this Delivery, do you but take care to recover your Strength and Health again, and be assured your Disgrace shall remain buried in Oblivion ; let not this Adventure give you any Uneasiness, for you are sensible that I know well enough, that you have been concern'd with no other a long time, but your Friend *Roderigo* the Porter ; and therefore your being delivered of these Dogs, proceeds from some other Cause, and con-

tains some Mistry in it : Your Mother and I, who was present all the while, were quite astonish'd at this strange Adventure. *Camacha* went out and carried away the Whelps ; I staid with your Mother, to assist her in what she wanted, who could not believe what had happen'd to her ; sometime afterwards, *Camacha* drawing nigh her End, and being in the last Moments of her Life, she called your Mother, and told her how she had transformed her Sons into Dogs, to revenge herself, for an old Grudge which she ow'd her ; but that she should not be troubled at it, for they would return to their first Shape and Condition, when it was least expected ; but that it could not be, till they had seen with their own Eyes, the following Prediction accomplished :

*Let this Remembrance some Relief afford,
To Human Shape they'll be again restor'd,
When they shall see thrown groveling to the Ground,
Those that erect, as lofty Pines were found :
And those that laid low in the Dust this Hour,
Shall be rais'd up by the same mighty Power.*

These were the Words *Camacha* spoke to your Mother, with her dying Breath, as I have already told you : Your Mother took them down in writing, and engrav'd them deeply in her Memory, as I likewise did
in

in mine, in case we should, by good Luck, ever have the Opportunity of acquainting either of you with it; and that I might find you out, I called all the Dogs I saw of your Colour, by the Name of your Mother; not that I thought that as Dogs, you would know the Name, but to see if any of them would answer to a Name so different, from what Dogs are commonly called by. And to Night, when I saw you perform so many surprising Things, and that you was called the *Wise Dog*; and likewise how you lift up your Head and look'd at me, when I called you in the Court-Yard, I suspected you was the Son of *Montiela*, and therefore, with the greatest Pleasure, have made you acquainted with the History of your Birth, and by what Means you are to recover your former Shape, which I heartily wish was as easy, as that which they say the Golden As made use of, which consisted only in eating a Rose: But thine depends upon other Peoples Actions, and not on thy own. And therefore all thou hast to do Son, is to recommend thyself to God, in thy private Thoughts, and wait with Patience; for these, I will not call them Phophesies, but Divinations, will shortly come to pass, according to your Wishes; for since the good *Camacha* has

pronounc'd them, I make not the least doubt of their coming to pass; and you, and your Brother, if he is alive, shall see your Expectations answer'd; all that grieves me is, that I am so near my End, that I shall not be able to see it: Many times I made account to enquire of my Familiar Spirit, what End this Adventure of yours shall have, but I never did, because he never gives a direct Answer to any of our Enquiries, but couches it in dark and obscure Terms, which have several Significations; so that there is no depending upon any Answer which this our Lord and Master gives; for with one Word of Truth, he mixes a thousand Lies: And as far as I can gather, by his Answers, he knows nothing of Futurity for Certain, but only by Gueffes. Notwithstanding all this, he so deludes us Witches, that although he makes a Mock of us many times, and plays a thousand Tricks upon us, yet we cannot forsake him. We go a great Way from hence, to see him in a large Field, wherein an infinite Number of Sorcerers and Sorceresses assemble together; and there he gives us something to eat, of a very unpleasant Taste; and there are other Things transacted, which in good Truth, I dare not tell you, because they are Foul and Loath-

Loathsome, and I will not offend your chaste Ears. Some are of Opinion, that we go to these Feasts in Imagination only ; and that the Devil imprints thereon, the Images of all those Things, which we afterwards relate have happen'd to us ; others say not, but that we really go there both in Body and Soul ; and for my Part, I hold that both these Opinions are true, in-
 somuch, that we ourselves do not know when we go one way or the other ; because all that passeth with us in Imagination only, is so intensely imprinted, that it is exactly the same as if we had actually gone there in Person. The Inquisitors have made some Experiments of this upon some of us, whom they have kept press'd down, and I think they have found what I say to be true. At last, I had a mind to forsake this Sin, and have us'd my Endeavours to do it : I have betaken myself to this Hospital, where I cure the Poor, but some of them die, which gives me new Life, by what they bequeath to me, or what old Cloaths they leave behind them, for my Care : I pray a little in Publick, and murmur much in Private : It goes better with me by being a Hypocrite, than with being an open Sinner ; the Appearances of my present good Deeds, blot out from the Memory of those that know

me, my former bad Deeds. In a Word, a hypocritical Holiness does no harm to any one, but to him who practices it: Son *Montiel*, take this Advice of me, do all the Good you can; but if you must be Wicked, endeavour to hide it as much as you can: I am a Sorceress, I do not deny it to you; and that your Mother was a Witch and a Sorceress, I can as little deny. Nevertheless the fine outward Appearances of us both, were sufficient to gain us a good Reputation with every one. Three Days before she died, we had both of us been to a Merry-making, in one of the Valleys between the *Pyrenean* Mountains; and when she died, it was with so much Calmness and Serenity, that excepting a few wry Faces, which she made a Quarter of an Hour before she gave up the Ghost, she seem'd as easy as if she had been upon a Bridal Bed strew'd with Flowers; the Transformation of her two Sons broke her Heart; and she never would, even at the Point of Death, forgive *Camacha*: I clos'd her Eyes, and attended her to her Grave; and there I left her, never to see her more, although I have not lost all Hopes of seeing her before I die; because it is talk'd in the Town, that some Persons have seen her walking in the Church-Yards and Cross-Ways

Ways, in different Shapes ; and perhaps some time or other, I shall meet her ; and I will ask her, if she would have me do any Thing to unburthen her Conscience ? Every Thing the old Woman said to me, in Praise of her, who she told me was my Mother, was as a Spear which pierc'd me to the Heart, and I had a great mind to fall upon her, and tear her to Pieces ; but I did not do it, because I was unwilling Death should seize her in so unprepar'd and sinful a Condition. Finally she told me, that she design'd to anoint herself that Night, to go to one of their usual nocturnal Meetings, and that whilst she was there, she intended to enquire of her Familiar, a little of what was to befall me. I would have ask'd, if I could have spoke, what those Ointments were, which she mentioned ; and it seems, that she read my Thoughts, since she answer'd, (as if I had ask'd her) what I wanted to be inform'd of, in these Words : This Ointment with which we Witches anoint ourselves, is made up of the Juices of Herbs, of an extreme cold Nature, and not (as it is commonly said to be) of the Blood of those Infants which we strangle. Here you may likewise ask me, what Pleasure and Profit the Devil has by making us kill these harmless Creatures,

since he knows, that being baptiz'd, they are received into Heaven, as being innocent, and without Sin ; and that he himself suffers an additional Torment, by every Christian Soul that escapes him ? To which I can give you no other Answer, but what the Proverb says, which is, *That he puts out both his own Eyes, to put out one of his Enemy's* : I mean, the excessive Grief he pierces the Parents with, by killing their Children. And that which concerns him most, is to make us commit, at every Step, so cruel and diabolical a Crime ; and all this God permits, for the Sins of Men ; for without his Permission, I have seen by Experience, that the Devil cannot hurt so much as an Ant ; and this is so true, that having ask'd him one time to destroy my Enemy's Vine ? He made Answer, that he could not so much as touch a Leaf of it, because God would not permit him : By which thou may'st know, when thou art a Man, that all the Misfortunes that happen to Nations, Kingdoms, Cities, and Towns ; sudden Deaths, Shipwrecks, and contagious Distempers : In a Word, all the Ills which we call Accidents, proceed from the Hand of the most High, and are permitted by his Will ; but that our Sins and wicked Actions, proceed entirely from ourselves:

God

God is sinless, from whence we may infer, that we are the Authors of Sin, forming it in Thought, Word, and Deed ; God permitting it all for our Offences, as I have before said. You will say now, Son, if you understand what I am saying, who hath made me a Divine, and you will perhaps, say within yourself, Body of this old Whore, why don't she leave off being a Sorceress, and return to God, since she knows that he is more ready to pardon Sins, than to permit them ? To this, I make answer, (as if you had really ask'd me) that a Habit of Sinning, becomes in time, a second Nature ; and this of Sorcery, becomes as dear and necessary to us, as our very Flesh and Blood ; and so stupifies the Soul, that it even cools and benums its Faith, from whence arises a Forgetfulness of itself, and it neither remembers the Terrors with which God threatens it, nor the Glory to which he invites it ; and, in fine, as it is a Sin which consists in sensual Pleasures, it deadens and stupifies all our Faculties, not permitting them to perform their proper Offices as they ought ; and so the Soul remaining useless, disorder'd, and sloathful, cannot raise its Consideration, if it would to any good Thought ; and suffering it-

self to be swallow'd up in the profound
 Abyfs of its Mifery, it cannot raife itſelf
 to God. — I have one of theſe Souls
 which I have deſcrib'd to you, I ſee it,
 and know it well; but as ſenſual Pleaſure
 hath fetter'd my Will, I have always been,
 and always ſhall be wicked. But let us leave
 this, and talk a little about the Ointments,
 which I ſay are ſo extremely cold, that
 when we anoint ourſelves with them, they
 deprive us of all our Senſes, and we remain
 ſtretch'd upon the Ground naked, and then
 it is they ſay, that every Thing which
 ſeems to us, to be really tranſacted, paſſes
 only in our Imagination. Other times ha-
 ving made an end of anointing ourſelves,
 we are transform'd, as we think, into Cocks,
 Owls, or Crows; and in this Shape we go
 to the Place where our Maſter expects us,
 and there we come to our firſt Shape again,
 and partake of Pleaſures which I ſhall paſs
 over in ſilence, becauſe they are ſuch, that
 it even gives me Pain to call them back to
 Memory, and my Tongue flies back with
 Horror from relating them; and yet not-
 withſtanding all this, I am a Sorcereſs, and
 I cover with the Cloak of Hypocriſy, all
 my Faults. It is true, that if ſome eſteem
 and honour me as a good Woman,
 there are not wanting many, who tell me
 of

of the Marks which the Fury of a cholerick Judge imprinted on us; who in former Times, having some Accusation against me, and your Mother, deliver'd us up to the Hangman to execute his Anger upon us, who not being se'd, us'd his full Power and Rigour upon our Shoulders. But this is pass'd, as all Things pass away, slipping out of the Memory; and People being tir'd with talking always of one thing, new Events making us forget the old. I live in this Hospital, and in outward Appearance am very good; I am not so old, but I may live a Year longer, although I am now Seventy-five; and though I cannot fast for my great Age, nor pray for the Swimmings in my Head, nor go Pilgrimages, because of the Feebleness of my Legs, nor give Alms, because I am Poor, nor even think well, because I delight in doing Ill; with all this I know that God is good and merciful; but enough of this, let us have no more of this Talk, for in good Truth it makes me sad: But come Son, and you shall see me anoint myself, for a fat Sow is better than a lean one, and it is good to make Hay while the Sun shines, and not to mourn when we may laugh: I mean, that although the Pleasures, which the Devil gives us are sometimes

times real; and sometimes imaginary only; nevertheless they seem Pleasures to us, and the Delight is much greater in Imagination, than Enjoyment; although in true Pleasures it ought to be to the contrary. Having thus finish'd her long Tale, she rose up, and taking the Lamp, went into another Room, less than the former; I follow'd her, distracted by a thousand different Thoughts, and struck with Astonishment at what I had heard, and what I expected to see; *Cannizares* hung the Lamp upon the Wall, and hastily undress'd herself to her Shift; and taking out of a Corner a glaz'd Pot, she put her Hand in it, and muttering between her Teeth, anointed herself from the Sole of her Foot, to the Crown of her Head, which was quite bare; before she had made an end of anointing herself, she told me, that whether her Body should remain without Life or Motion in the Chamber, or should vanish out of it, that I should not be frighten'd, but stay there till Morning; because I should know some News of what Adventures I should still run through, before I regain'd my first Shape. I let her know, by bowing down my Head, that I would obey her; and with this she made an end of anointing herself, and remain'd stretch'd on the Ground

as if she had been dead ; I put my Mouth to her's, and found she did not breathe in the least. I will confess the Truth to you Friend *Scipio*, that I was terribly affrighted to see myself shut up in that little Chamber, with that strange Figure before my Eyes, which I will describe to you, the best I am able. It was about seven Foot long, the Whole was an Anatomy of Bones, cover'd with a black hairy Skin ; her Breasts seem'd like two empty Bladders, dry and wrinkled ; her Lips black, her Teeth clos'd, her Nose crooked, her Eyes started out of their Sockets, her Head bald, her Cheeks were sunk in, her Throat narrow. In a Word, every Part of her was possess'd by the Devil : I set myself to examine her attentively, but Fear soon took Possession of me, reflecting on the ugly Sight of her Body, and the worse Employment of her Soul. I would have bit her, to see whether she would come to herself again, but I could not find any Part about her, but what was so loathsome, that I could not find in my Heart to touch it. However, I laid hold of her Heel, and drag'd her into the Court-Yard ; but for all this she gave no Signs of her being sensible of it. There, with looking at the Sky, and seeing myself in a wide Place, my Fear left me ; at least
it

it was moderated in such a Manner, that I had the Courage to stay to see how this horrible Scene would end. In the mean Time, I ask'd myself, Who has made this wicked old Woman so discreet, and yet so wicked? From whence does she know what Misfortunes are Accidents, and what proceed from our own Sins? By what Means does she understand and speak so much of God, and yet deals so much with the Devil? How can she sin so much, when she can in no Ways plead Ignorance? In these Meditations the Night slip'd away, and the Day approached, which found us in the midst of the Court-Yard; she not come to herself, and I sitting on my Legs near her, attentively beholding her frightful and foul Aspect. The People of the Hospital came, and seeing this Sight, some cry'd out, alas! the Holy *Cannizares* is dead, see to what a weak and disfigur'd Condition her Penitence and Fastings reduc'd her; others more considerate, felt her Pulse, and perceiving it to beat, found she was not dead, from whence they conceiv'd she was in a Trance; others said, this old Whore must without doubt be a Sorceress, and is now anointed, for the Saints are never in such unseemly Raptures, and she has always, amongst those
that

that know her, had more the Reputation of a Sorceress, than a Saint. There were some so curious, that they went up to her, and stuck Pins in her Flesh, from Head to Foot; but all this did not awake this sound Sleeper, nor did she come to herself again, till Seven o'Clock the next Morning; and as she felt herself pink'd by the Pins, bit by the Heels, bruised with the dragging her out of the Chamber, and in the Presence of so many People, who stood looking at her; she immediately believed, and very rightly too, that I had been the Author of her Disgrace; and so running to me, and laying both her Hands on my Throat, she endeavour'd to throttle me, crying out, O ungrateful, ignorant, and malicious Villain! is this the Reward I deserve for the good Services I have done your Mother, and those which I intended to have done you? Seeing myself in Danger of losing my Life, in the Claws of this furious Harpy, I snap'd at her, and catching hold of her old wrinkled Skin, I drag'd her all about the Court-Yard, she bawling out, that they should deliver her from the Teeth of the evil Spirit. Hearing these Words of the wicked old Woman, the greatest Part of them believ'd, that I was one of those Dæmons who have a continual Grudge against
good

good Christians, and some run to throw holy Water upon me; others did not dare to come near me; others cried out they should exorcise me; the old Woman mutter'd, and I kept fast hold; the Confusion grew greater and greater, and my Master, whom the Noise had brought hither, rav'd like a Mad-man, hearing them say, that I was a Devil come out of Hell; others who did not understand exorcisms, laid hold of three or four Cudgels, with which they begun to exorcise my Loins for me, in a very disagreeable Manner; I did not like the Jest, and so let go the old Woman, and in three Leaps got into the Street; and in a few more out of the Town, follow'd by an infinite Number of Boys at my Heels, crying out as loud as they could, Get out of the Way, make Room, for the *Wise Dog* is run mad; others cried, He is not mad, but it is the Devil in the Shape of a Dog. I got out of the Town, horribly bruis'd, great Numbers following me, who undoubtedly believ'd I was a Devil, as well for the Things they had seen me perform, as for the Words the old Woman spoke when she awoke out of her accursed Sleep. I run away so fast, and made such haste in getting out of their Sight, that they thought I had vanish'd away like a Devil; in six
Hours

Hours I went twelve Leagues, at the End of which, I came to the Quarters of some Gippies, which was in a Field near *Granada*; I stop'd here a little, and because some of the Gippies knew me to be the *Wife Dog*, they receiv'd me with no little Pleasure, and hid me in a Cave, that I might not be found, if I was sought for, with an Intention, as I afterwards learnt, of getting Money by me, as the Drummer my Master had done. Twenty Days I continued with them, in which I remark'd their Life and Manners, which being pretty remarkable, I can't omit giving you an Account of them.

Scip. Before you proceed any farther, *Bergansa*, it will be better that we stop a little, at what the Sorcerers told you, and examine if the great Lie, to which you give Credit, can possibly be true. Consider, *Bergansa*, it would be the greatest Folly to believe that *Camacha* ever chang'd Men into Beasts, and that the Sexton serv'd her so many Years as they say, in the Shape of an Ass. All these Things, and the like, are only Lies, or the Deceits of the Devil; and if it seems to us now, that we have some understanding, and are capable of reasoning, being really Dogs, or under the Form of them; we have already said, that it is a wonderful and strange Thing, and what
was

was never seen before ; would you be convinc'd more fully, consider on what trifling Things, and silly Points *Camacha* said our recovering our first Shape again depended ; and those which you think Prophecies, are only foolish Stories, and old Women's Tales ; such as those concerning the Horse without a Head, and the enchanted Wand, with which, the long Winter Nights are pass'd away at the Fire Side ; for if they had been any other, they would have been accomplish'd before now, unless it is that her Words are to be taken in a Sense, which I have heard say, is call'd Allegorical, which Sense does not signify what the Words literally mean, but some other Thing, which although it is different, has some Analogy to them, and so to say :

*Let this Remembrance some Relief afford,
To Human Shape they'll be again restor'd,
When they shall see thrown groveling to the Ground,
Those that erect, as lofty Pines were found :
And those that laid low in the Dust this Hour,
Shall be rais'd up by the same mighty Power.*

Taking it in the Sense which I have mentioned, it seems to me, to signify, that we shall recover our first Shape again, when we shall see those, who were Yesterday on the highest Spokes of Fortune's Wheel, To-day cast down, and trampled under
Foot,

Foot by Misfortunes, and held in little Account by those who most esteem'd them. And in the same Manner, when we shall see others who two Hours ago, had no other Portion in this World, but only to fill up a vacant Place, and increase the Number of its Inhabitants; and now they are rais'd to such towering Heights of Fortune, that we lose sight of them; and if before, they could not be seen for their Littleness and Obscurity, now we cannot reach them for their Greatness and exalted Splendor: And if our putting on the Form you speak of, had consisted in this, we have already seen it, and we see it at every Step; from whence I conceive, that the Verses of *Camacha* are not to be taken in an allegorical Sense, but a literal one, and our Remedy consists as little in this, since we have seen many times what they signify, and yet we are as much Dogs as ever, as you may see; so that *Camacha* was a false Deceiver, *Cannizares* a lying, prating Gossip, and *Montiela* a silly, malicious Beldame, with respect be it spoken, if she really is the Mother of us both, or your's only, for I will not have her for my Mother: I say then, that the literal and true Meaning is a Game of Nine-pins, wherein with ready Diligence they throw down
those

those which are standing, and set up those which are fall'n, and this by the Hand of one who is able to do it : Consider then, if in the Course of our Life we have ever seen them play at Nine-pins, and if we have seen them according to this, we should have been chang'd into Men.

Berg. I own you are in the right, Brother *Scipio*, and that you are wiser than I thought for ; and from what you have said, I begin to think and believe, that all we have been doing hitherto, and what we are doing now, is a Dream, and that we are really Dogs ; but however, let us enjoy as much as we can, this Gift of Speech, which we have, and this so great Preheminence, of being capable to discourse according to Reason ; and therefore don't be tir'd with hearing me relate what happen'd to me amongst the Gipsies, who hid me in the Cave.

Scip. I hearken to you willingly, to oblige you to give Attention to me, when I relate to you, if Heaven pleases, the Adventures of my Life.

Berg. I employ'd myself while I was with the Gipsies, to observe their sly Tricks and Deceits, by which they impos'd upon People ; the great Mischiefs they did, and the Thefts which the Gipsies of both Sexes practice, from almost the very Moment
they

they leave off their Blankets and are able to run alone : You see what a Multitude there is of them dispers'd throughout all Parts of *Spain* ; but they all know, and keep Correspondence with one another, and carry on a Trade by exchanging their Thefts : They pay greater Obedience than they do to their lawful King, to one whom they stile the Count, who, with all his Successors, goes by the Sirname of *Maldonado* ; not because they are any ways descended from that noble Family, but because a Page belonging to a Gentleman of that Name became enamour'd with a Gipsy, who would not grant him her Love, unless he made himself a Gipsy, and married her : The Page did so, and he pleas'd the other Gipsies so much, that they made him their King, and paid him Obedience as such ; and, as a Token of their Vassalage, they allow him a part of all they steal, when it is of any Value. They employ themselves, to give Colour to their Idleness, in working Things in Iron, and so you will always see them setting forth to Sale, in the Streets and Highways, Pincers, Nail-piercers, Hammers, and such-like Trifles, which they likewise make use of themselves, to execute their Robberies : The Women are their own Midwives, and in this they have

have the Advantage of our Women, that they bring forth their Births into the World without Cost or Charge; they wash their young Children with cold Water as soon as they are born, and from the Time they are born, to the Day of their Death, they are harden'd, and enur'd to bear the Inclemencies and Rigours of the different Seasons, so that they are nimble and brisk, and are great Runners, Vaulters and Dancers. They always marry amongst themselves, that their cheating Tricks and Frauds may not come to be known to any but those of their Fraternity: When they ask Alms, they get it more by their Jest and cunning Lies, than their Devotions; and under Pretence that there is no one will trust them, they get into no Service, but give themselves up to an idle lazy Life: And seldom or never have I seen, if I remember aright, any Gipsy receiving the Communion at the Foot of the Altar, although I have gone many times into the Churches: Their Thoughts are wholly employ'd in contriving how they shall cheat People, and where they shall steal: They relate their Thefts to one another, and in what manner they effected them: One Day a Gipsy related to the others before me, a Trick that he had put upon a Countryman; which

which was, that the Gipsy had an Afs with a short Tail, and on the little bare Stump of his Tail, he ingrafted a false one, that was very full of Hair, which was so well set on, that it seem'd as if it was his own natural one: He brought it into the Market Place, and a Countryman bought it of him for Ten Ducats; as soon as he had sold it, and receiv'd the Money, he told the Countryman, that if he had a mind to buy the Brother of it, who was every bit as good, he would sell it him a better Pennyworth. The Countryman bid him go and fetch it, and that he would purchase it of him, and in the mean while he would carry that which he had bought to his Lodgings. The Countryman went his way, the Gipsy follow'd him, and by some Means or other, the Gipsy had the Dexterity to steal the Afs from the Countryman, whom he had sold it to; and immediately he took off the Sham-tail, and left him only his own bare Stump: He chang'd the Pannel and Halter, and was bold enough to go and seek out the Countryman, that he might sell it him a second Time; he found him before he had miss'd the first Afs, and after a few Words, he bought the second. He went to his Lodgings to pay the Money, where he found the first
Afs

Afs missing, and although it was very unlikely, yet he suspected the Gipsy had stole it from him, and refus'd to pay him; the Gipsy run out for Witneses, and brought in those who had receiv'd the Duty for the first Afs, and they swore, that the Gipsy had sold the Countryman an Afs with a very large and bushy Tail, very different from this second one which he sold him. Besides all this, there was an Alguazil present, who espous'd the Cause of the Gipsy with so much Earnestness, that the Countryman was obliged to pay for the Afs twice over. They related a great many other Thefts, and all, or the greatest Part of them were of Beasts, in stealing of which, they are very expert, and make it their chief Employment. In a Word, they are a very wicked Set of People, and although many and very wise Judges have endeavour'd to reform them, yet they are not in the least amended: At the End of Twenty Days, they had a mind to carry me to *Murcia*, for which Purpose, we were oblig'd to pass through *Granada*, where the Company to which the Drummer my Master belong'd, was at that Time quarter'd: As the Gipsies had Information of it, they kept me lock'd up in a Chamber belonging to the Inn where they lay; I

heard

heard them mention the reason of it, and did not much like the intended Journey, and so I was resolv'd to get loose, if I could, and I afterwards put it in Execution; and in going out of *Granada*, I came to an Orchard, belonging to a *Moor*, who receiv'd me with a good Will, and I stay'd with a better, thinking that he would want me for nothing else but to guard his Orchard, an Employment, in my Opinion, of less Trouble and Labour, than that of guarding the Flock; and as there was no need to stand wrangling about Wages, the *Moor* easily found a Servant whom he might command, and I a Master to serve: I stay'd with him above a Month, not because I lik'd my Way of Life so well, but on account of the Pleasure I conceiv'd in remarking and finding out the Life my Master led, and by this Means, that of all the *Moors* in *Spain*: O how many strange Things could I tell you, Friend *Scipio*, of this *Moorish* Crew, if I was not afraid that I should not be able to make an end of them these two Weeks; and if I was to be particular, I should not even finish them in two Months. My Master being a miserable covetous Wretch, as all of that Breed are, he fed me with Bread made of Millet, and with little Bits and Scraps which was

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his

his own common Food : But kind Heaven enabled me to bear this Hardship, by a very strange Accident, as you shall hear ; every Morning, as soon as the Day began to break, a young Man who seem'd to be a Student, came and set down under one of the many Pomegranate Trees that were in that Place, he was dress'd in Bays, which by long wear, had chang'd Colour, and look'd a little Thread-bare : He was always very busy in writing in a Pocket-Book, and every now and then, he struck his Forehead with the Palms of his Hands, and bit his Nails, looking up stedfastly to the Sky ; other times he was so wrapt in Thought, that he neither stir'd Hand or Foot, nor even his Eye-lids, so great were his Raptures. One time I went near him, without his perceiving me, I heard him mutter something between his Teeth, and after some Pause, he cried out aloud, Thanks to my lucky Stars, this is the best Stanza I ever made in my whole Life ! and writing it down as fast as he could in his Book, he seem'd to be highly delighted with it ; all which made me conjecture, that this happy Man must needs be a Poet. I fawn'd upon him with my usual Caresses, to assure him of my Tameness ; I threw myself at his Feet, and he being assur'd of my

my Gentleness by this Mark of Respect, pursu'd his Thoughts, and began to scratch his Head, and to be in his high flown Raptures again, and to write as before. While he was thus employ'd, there came a Gay well dress'd young Man into the Orchard, with some Papers in his Hand, in which he read from time to time; he came to the other, and said to him, Have you finish'd the first Act? I have just now finish'd it, answer'd the Poet, the most happily that can be imagin'd: In what Manner, ask'd the other? After this Manner, answer'd the Poet; His Holiness the Pope, appears cloath'd in his pontifical Habits, with twelve Cardinals all dress'd in Purple, for when the Event, which is the Subject of my Comedy happen'd, there was a *Mutatio Caparum*, and the Cardinals did not go dress'd in Red, but Purple; and therefore it is highly necessary, in order to keep a due Propriety, that these my Cardinals should be cloath'd in Purple; and this is a Matter of great Importance to the Comedy; I cannot be mistaken in this Point, because I have read over the whole Book of the *Roman* Ceremonies, only that I might be in the right, as to these Habits. But where the Devil do you think, replied the other, we can get purple Dresses for

twelve Cardinals? Get them you must,
 answer'd the Poet, though you go to *Rome*
 for them ; for if you take only one away
 of these, I will give you my Comedy for no-
 thing. Body of me ! must this grand and
 magnificent Appearance be lost ? Imagine
 to yourself what a fine Shew his Holiness
 the Pope will make on the Stage, sur-
 rounded with twelve grave Cardinals, and
 the other Attendants which he must neces-
 sarily have with him ; by Heaven ! it will
 be one of the grandest and most magnifi-
 cent Scenes, that has ever been seen in
 Comedy, not excepting that call'd the
 Nosegay, written by *Daraja*. By this I
 was fully assur'd, that the one was a Poet,
 and the other a Player. The Player ad-
 vis'd the Poet to clip off a few of their
 Eminences, if he would not make the Co-
 medy impossible to be acted : To which
 the Poet replied, that they might thank
 him, that he had not brought in the whole
 Conclave, to grace the memorable Action
 which was the Subject of his most ingenious
 and well contriv'd Comedy. The Actor
 laugh'd at this, and left him to his Employ-
 ment, to return to his own, which was to
 study a Part in a new Comedy. The Poet
 having wrote some more Stanza's of his mag-
 nificent Comedy, pull'd out of his Pocket,
 with

with great Gravity and Deliberation, some broken Pieces of Bread, and about twenty Raisins, as I think ; for although I counted them, yet I am in doubt if there were so many or no, because there were some Crums of Bread mixt with them : He separated, and blow'd away the Crums, and eat the Raisins one by one, and I believe he even eat the Stalks, for I saw him fling nothing away ; he would fain have eaten too, (for his Appetite seem'd in no wise to be fully satisfied) the broken Pieces of Bread, which being colour'd by the Nap of his Pocket, look'd as if they were mouldy, but they were so hard, that though he endeavour'd to soften them by chewing them, not only once, but several times, yet he was not able to master them ; all which redounded to my Profit, for he flung them to me, saying, Here, take them, and much good may they do thee : Good Gods ! cried I, within myself, is this, which this Poet gives me, the *Nectar* or *Ambrosia*, which they say the Gods, and his Patron *Apollo* live upon in Heaven. In a Word, the Poverty and Wretchedness of the Poets, is generally very great ; however, my Necessity was greater, since it oblig'd me to eat what he flung away. All the time he was composing his Comedy,

dy, he never miss'd coming to the Orchard, nor did I want for Crusts of Bread, for he divided them with me very liberally, and we us'd to go together, after our Repast, to the Well where we both quench'd our Thirst, as great as two Monarchs, I laying down and lapping, and he making use of one of the Pots which was fasten'd to the Wheel. But the Poet having finish'd his Comedy, came no more to the Orchard; and Hunger press'd me so much, that I was resolv'd to leave the *Moor*, and go into the City to seek some better Fortune; for as the Proverb says, *He finds it out at last, who often removes his Quarters*. Just as I enter'd the City, I met my Poet, as soon as he saw me, he came to me with open Arms, and I went to him, seeming to be overjoy'd that I had met with him. He immediately begun to pull out Pieces of Bread, a little tenderer than those he us'd to bring with him to the Orchard, and deliver'd them up to my Jaws, without chewing them in his own, a Favour which satisfy'd my Hunger, with uncommon Pleasure. He went through the City, I follow'd him, resolving to have him for my Master, if he would receive me, imagining I could keep my Camp from starving, by what was overplus in his Fortrefs,

for

for there is no better, nor more lasting Purse than Charity and Generosity, whose liberal Hands are never poor. And therefore I don't agree with that Proverb, which says, *Mas da el duro, que el desnudo*; *The Niggard, or Hard-hearted Man, gives more than the poor Man*; as if the Covetous and Hard-hearted Man, gave as much as the generous poor Man, who gives his good Wishes and Desires, when he has nothing else to bestow. After walking some time we stop'd at the House of the Master of a Company of Players, who to the best of my Remembrance, was called *Angulo*: There was a numerous Audience assembled to hear my Master's Comedy; but in the middle of the first Act, they went out one by one, and two by two, till at last the Master and I made up his whole Audience. As for the Comedy, it was such a one, that although I was but an Ass, in Respect of these Poetical Matters, yet I myself thought that *Satan* himself had compos'd it, for the total Ruin and Perdition of the Poet, who already begun to swallow his Spittle, beholding the Solitude in which the Audience had left him; and perhaps his fore-boding Soul presag'd the dire Disgrace, which already threaten'd him; which was, that all the Actors, who were above twelve in Num-

ber, came in together, and without saying a Word, laid hold of my Poet, and if it had not been, that the Master interpos'd, and pacify'd them a little by his Authority, join'd with Prayers and Intreaties, they would, without doubt, have toss'd him in a Blanket. I remain'd quite Thunder-struck with this Event; the Master out of Humour, the Players merry, and the Poet in a Pet, who with a great deal of Patience, although the Serenity of his Countenance seem'd to be a little ruffled, took up his Comedy, and putting it in his Bosom, mutter'd between his Teeth; *It is not good to throw Pearls before Swine*; and with this he walk'd out with much Gravity and Calmness. For my part, I was quite out of Countenance, and I neither could, nor would follow him; and I hit the right Nail on the Head, for the Master of the Players caress'd me so much, that it oblig'd me to stay with him, and in less than a Month, I became a principal Actor, and a great Favourite of the Town, in the Interludes and Pantomime Entertainments. They muzzel'd me, and taught me to attack on the Stage, any one they had a mind, so that, as the Interludes are commonly concluded with Cudgels; in our Company they were concluded, by setting me on,
and

and I threw down, and trampled under Foot, all that came in my Way, with which I made Fools laugh, and brought much Gain to my Master. O *Scipio*! how many Things could I relate to you, which I saw and remark'd in this, and two other Companies of Comedians, whom I liv'd with some time; but it being impossible to reduce it to a succinct and concise Narration, I must leave it for another Day, if we should be so happy as to have another Day's Conference together? You see how long my Discourse has been; you have seen likewise, how many and different Adventures I have run through; my long Travels, and the many Masters I have had; but all you have heard, is nothing in Comparison to what I could relate to you, concerning what I remark'd, among this Set of People, *viz.* Their Method of Proceeding, their Way of Life, their Customs, their Employments, their Labour, their Idleness, their Ignorance, and their Wit; with an infinite Number of other Things I could tell of; those whose Business is to prompt, and those who get among the Audience to receive what is acted, with Shouts of Applause, and the Tricks they make use of to deceive their Audience; the greatest Part of whom are extremely fond of

strange Appearances, and wonderful Metamorphoses.

Scip. I very well conceive, *Bergansa*, what a large Field lies open to you for Discourse, and I am of Opinion, that you should leave this for a particular Discourse by itself, and for an Opportunity when we shall be in no fear of being disturb'd.

Berg. Let it be so, and give Attention. I came with a Company of Actors to this City of *Valladolid*, where they gave me a Wound in an Interlude, which had like to have cost me my Life; I could not revenge myself then, because I was muzzel'd, and afterwards in cold Blood I would not, for a deliberate Revenge argues Cruelty, Cowardice, and a wicked Heart. But I grew tir'd of this Employment, not because there was much Trouble or Labour in it, but because I saw a great many Things in it, which requir'd both Correction and Amendment; and as I could only see them, but could not remedy them, I thought it best to get out of the Sight of them, and so I became very Religious all of a sudden, as those do who forsake their Vices, when they can no longer follow them; but it is better late than never. I say then, that seeing you one Night carrying a Lantern before the good *Mahudes*, I look'd upon
you

you as one contented with your Condition, and justly and holily employ'd; and stirr'd up by a commendable Emulation, I determin'd to follow your Steps, and with this laudable Intention, I ran before *Mabudes*, who immediately chose me for your Companion, and brought me to this Hospital; what has happen'd to me since I have been here, is not so inconsiderable, but it will take some time to relate, especially the Discourse I heard between four sick Men, whom their hard Fate, and wretched Poverty had brought into this Hospital, who lay all in one Room; permit me to relate it, for it will not take up much Time, and comes in very *apropos*.

Scip. I give you Leave, but be as concise as you can, for I believe the Day is not far off.

Berg. In the four Beds at the End of this Infirmary, were a Poet, an Alchymist, a Mathematician, and one of those People whom they call Projectors.

Scip. I remember to have seen these good People.

Berg. I say then, that in one of the hottest Days of last Summer, the Windows being shut close, I was almost stifled, and lay under one of the Beds, sucking in greedily what little Air there was. The Poet
began

began to bewail bitterly his hard Fortune ; and the Mathematician asking him what he complain'd of ? He made Answer, of his cruel and niggardly Fortune : And have I not sufficient Reason to complain, added he, since having observ'd the Rule which *Horace* lays down in his *Art of Poetry*, that no Work should come to the Light, till ten Years after its first composing : And I have one which I have employ'd twenty Years on, and it is twelve since I finish'd it, a Work great in the Subject, admirable and new in the Invention, lofty in the Verse, entertaining in the Episodes, marvellous in the Division, for the Beginning, answers to the Middle and End, so that they compose a sublime, sonorous, heroic, and delightful Poem ; and yet notwithstanding all this, I cannot find a Prince, or any great Man to dedicate it to ; I mean a Prince, who is wise and learned, liberal and magnanimous : So miserable are the Times, and such a deprav'd Age is this of our's ! Of what does the Poem treat, ask'd the Alchymist ? It treats, answer'd the Poet, of what Archbishop *Turpin* omitted, in * his History of King *Arthur* of *England*, together with a Supplement, containing the

* N.B. This Poem has been since publish'd at *London*, with some Alterations, by Sir R. B.

the Life of St. *Brial*, and all this in Heroics, part in Rhime, and part Blank Verse, but all in short Metre; I say, in short Metre, compos'd of Noun-Substantives, without admitting any one Verb. For my part, answer'd the Alchymist, I understand but little of Poetry, and therefore cannot sufficiently judge of the hard Fate you complain of; but though it was much greater than it is, it would not be equal to mine; which is, that it was for want of some great Man to support me, and give me the necessary Materials which the Science of Alchymy requires, that I am not now rolling in Gold, and richer than either *Midas* or *Cræsus*. Have you experienc'd, Senor *Alchymist*, said the Mathematician, the Possibility of extracting Silver from other Metals? I have not as yet, answer'd the Alchymist, extracted any, but I verily know it may be done; and in less than two Months, I shall have perfected the Philosopher's Stone, with which you may turn into Gold and Silver, the very Stones themselves. You have both of you highly exaggerated your Misfortunes, said the Mathematician; and yet one has compos'd an excellent Poem, and only wants a great Man to dedicate it to; and the other wants but little of finding out the

the Philosopher's Stone : But what shall I say of mine, which so far exceeds your's, that I have not any thing to support myself with ? Two and twenty Years I have been employ'd in finding out the Longitude, and here I take it, and there I leave it, and I imagining oftentimes, that I have found it, and that it cannot possibly escape me, when I don't in the least suspect it, I find myself as far to seek as ever, which fills me with Surprize and Astonishment ; it is the same with the Square of the Circle, which I have come so nigh finding out, that I know not, nor can I imagine why I have it not at this time in my Pocket ; and so my Pain is like that of *Tantalus*, who is near the Fruit, and dies with Hunger, and in the Water, and yet perishes with Thirst. Sometimes I think I have hit upon the Truth, and at other times I find myself so far from it, that I am forc'd to climb up again the Mountain, which I have just come down, with the Rock of my Labours upon my Back, like another *Sisyphus*. The Projector had kept Silence till now, and here he broke it, with these Words ; For my Part, I renounce from henceforth all those Employments, which neither maintain, nor even give the Professors of them Bread to eat. I, Gentlemen,

am

(III)

am a Projector, and I have at different Times, laid before His Majesty several different Schemes, all which would, if put in Execution, be very much to his Advantage, without any Prejudice to his Kingdom; and I have just now drawn up a Petition, wherein I humbly beseech him to appoint some proper Persons, to whom I may communicate a new Scheme, that I have drawn up, which is such a one, that it will pay all the Debts of the State, and replenish his Coffers. But by the Success I have had with my other Petitions, I judge that this likewise will be rejected: But that you may not think me a Madman, Gentlemen, although my Scheme by this Means may become Publick, yet I will communicate it to you; it is, to Petition the Assembly of the States, to enact a Law, that all his Majesty's Subjects, from the Age of Fourteen to Seventy, be oblig'd, once a Month, to confine themselves to Bread and Water, and this to be on a certain appointed Day; and that all the Money which would have been expended that Day in Fruit, Flesh, Fish, Wine, Eggs, Pulse, &c. be given to his Majesty, without defrauding him of a Farthing, of which every one should take his Oath; and by this Means, in twenty Years.
time,

time, all the Debts of the Nation would be paid : For if I have computed aright, there are in *Spain*, more than three Millions of People within the Limits of the above-mentioned Age, besides infirm old People who are above, or those that are under it, and no one of these three Millions can spend less than a Ryal and a Half a Day, and this at a very moderate Computation ; but I will say only one Ryal, for it cannot well be less ; and do you think, Gentlemen, it would be a small Matter, for the King to have three Millions of Rials every Month, winnow'd as it were from all Incumbrances ? And this would be rather an Advantage, than a Loss to the Fasters, since by fasting they would please Heaven, as well as serve the King ; and there might be some too, to whom fasting might be convenient for their Health's Sake. This is a Project quite free from Dust and Straw, and might be collected by the Curates of the Parishes, without the Charge of Officers, who are the Ruin of a State. They all laugh'd at the Project and the Projector, and he in the same Manner laugh'd at their Follies ; and for my part I was filled with Admiration, at what I heard them say, and to see that such Men most commonly die in an Hospital.

Scip. You are in the right, *Bergansa* ; have you any thing further to say.

Berg. Only two Things more, with which I shall conclude. My Master going one Night to ask Alms in the House of the Corregidor of this City, we found him alone, and I thought it a good Opportunity to acquaint him with what I had heard an old Man, who is a Patient in this Hospital say, concerning the Means to prevent the sad Ruin which idle young Girls come to, who by not getting into Service, fall into divers Ills, and at last are oblig'd to go into the Hospitals : I say then, that being willing to tell him, I rais'd my Voice, thinking that I had the Gift of Speech ; but instead of pronouncing articulate Sounds I bark'd in so loud a Note, that the Corregidor being disgusted at it, call'd out to his Servants to drive me out of the Hall with a good Cudgel ; and a Lacquey who came running at the call of his Master, (it would have been better for me had he been a little Deaf, just at that time) laid hold of a Piece of Wood, which was the first Thing that came to his Hand, and so basted my Ribs with it, that I carry the Marks of those Blows upon me, even at this Day.

Scip. And do you complain of this, *Bergansa* ?

Berg.

Berg. Have I not Reason to complain, if I feel the Smart of them yet, as I have already said, and that I think my good Intention did not deserve such a Reward?

Scip. Why look you, *Bergansa*, no one must intermeddle where he is not call'd upon, nor concern himself in what don't belong to him. Besides, you must consider, that the Advice of the Poor is never taken, although it be never so good; nor must the poor Man have the Presumption to counsel the Great, and those who think they know every thing: Wisdom and Knowledge in the poor Man is obscur'd, for Poverty and Wretchedness are Shadows and Clouds which darken it; and if by Chance it discovers itself, it is look'd upon as Foolishness, and is treated with Contempt.

Berg. You are in the right, and I shall for the future take Warning by what I have already suffer'd, and follow your Advice. In the same Manner I went the other Night, into the House of a Lady of Distinction, who had in her Arms a little diminutive Lap-Dog, so small, that she might have hid him in her Bosom, who, as soon as he saw me, leap'd out of the Arms of his Lady, run at me, barking furiously, and so great was his Insolence, as to bite me
by

by the Leg. I beheld him with Anger, but I restrain'd it, out of Respect to his Lady, and said within myself, thou little base Animal, if I should catch thee in the Street, I would either take no Notice of thee, or else I would tear thee in Pieces : I reflected upon this, that even Cowards and Dastards are bold and Insolent, when they are in Favour with great Men, and are the most forward to insult those that are in every Respect better Men than themselves.

Scip. We see a plain Proof of the Truth of what you say, in some little pitiful Fellows, who under the Shadow of their Masters, dare to be insolent. But if by chance, Death, or any other Accident, deprives them of their Support, by throwing down the Tree on which they prop'd themselves, then it is plainly seen how little Courage they have ; for, in fine, all their good Qualifications are no more than what they borrow from their Masters, and Protectors ; but true Virtue and a good Understanding, are always the same, naked, or cloathed, alone, or in Company : It is true, that it may suffer sometimes in the esteem of People, but it's true and real Value is never lessened. And here let us end this Discourse, for the Light which
comes

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comes through these Chinks, shews that the Day is far advanc'd, and at Night, if we are not depriv'd of this great Benefit of Speech, it will be my turn to relate to you my Adventures.

Berg. Agreed, and be sure remember our Appointment.



The



The Comical HISTORY of
Rinconete and Cortadillo.



IN a certain Inn, which is at the End of those spacious Fields of *Alcadia*, as we go from *Castile* to *Andalusia*, in one of the hottest Days in Summer, there chanc'd to meet together two Boys, about Fourteen or Fifteen Years of Age, neither of them could exceed Seventeen, both of a good Countenance, but in a very ragged and shabby Condition ; they had no Cloaks on, their Breeches were of Linnen, their Stockings were such as Nature gave ; they were indeed something better shod, for one of them had a Pair of Shoes made of Rushes, though it is true, they were none of the best, and those of the other, had a Multiplicity of Holes in them, and the Soles quite worn away ; one of them had on a green Cap like a Huntsman ; the other an old Hat without a Hatband, low in the Crown, and broad enough in the Brims for an Umbrello ; Shirts they had none, for
they

they had but half a one betwixt them, or, in other Words, one of them had a piece of a Shirt, which just cover'd his Shoulders and Breast, and that was so black, that one would have sworn it had not been wash'd since the Days of *Noah* ; as for the other, he had none at all, nor any Pockets, but he seem'd to have a little Bundle in his Bosom, which (as it afterwards appear'd) contain'd nothing but a Neck-band or two, which had no need of being starch'd, for they were starch'd enough with Grease ; there were carefully wrapt up in them, some Cards of an Oval Figure, the Corners of them being worn out by frequent Use ; they were both of them Sun-burnt, their Nails as long as Eagle's Claws, and their Hands not very clean ; one of them had an old Dagger by his Side, and the other a yellow-handled Knife, such as is us'd by Butchers ; they both went out to cool themselves in the Porch before the Inn, and sitting down fronting each other, the Eldest said to the Youngest, Pray young Gentleman, what is your Country, and whither are you bound ? My Country, reply'd the Youngest, I don't know, neither do I know which Way I am travelling. Why truly, said the Elder, I don't suppose your Worship came from Heaven, neither

neither is this a Place for you to take up your Abode in ; and therefore you will be oblig'd to go farther. 'Tis very true, answer'd the Youngest ; but I told you true in what I said, because the Place I was born in, is not *mine*, nor have I any thing more there, than a Father that does not own me, and a Mother-in-Law who indeed treats me like a Son-in-Law, and the Road I travel, is where Fortune leads, and where I find any Body that will give me what is necessary to pass through this miserable Life ; there will be the End of my Journey. And pray, Sir, said the Eldest, was you brought up to any Business ? The other reply'd, I know none, but that I can run as fast as a Hare, and leap like a Deer, and handle a Pair of Scissars admirably well. All this is very good and profitable, said the Eldest, because some Sexton or another will give you the *All-Saints* Offering, if you can cut him out the Paper Flowers for the Monuments on *Holy Thursday*. You mistake me, Sir, reply'd the Youngest, my Calling is not of that kind ; but that as my Father, by the Goodness of Heaven, was a Taylor and Hosier, he learnt me to cut out Buskins, which are, as you well know, a sort of Stockings without Feet ;

Feet ; and truly, I might long before now have been a Master Taylor, had not my niggardly Fortune thrust me up in a Corner. All these Things, said the Eldest, I reckon of Worth, and I have always heard say, that the greatest Genius's lie most conceal'd ; however, you are still young enough to mend your Fortune ; but, if I am not deceiv'd, you have yet greater Abilities, which you don't care to discover. That I have, said the Youngest, but they are not for every one to know, as you have well observ'd. To which the Eldest reply'd, But I can assure you, I am one of the secretest young Men that you'll find in many Miles, and to oblige you to discover your greatest Secrets, I will tell you mine first ; for I imagine, that there is some Mystery in our coming together after this manner ; and it is my Belief, we shall remain true Friends to each other, as long as we live. I, Sir, was born in *Fuenfrida*, a well known Place, and very famous for the great Number of Travellers which are continually passing through it : My Name is *Pedro del Rincon*, my Father is a Gentleman, for he is a Minister of the Holy Crusade ; that is, he is one who publishes the *Pope's* Bulls, for some time I assisted him in this Office, and learn'd it so well, that I would not turn my

my Back on any Body in the Business. But one Day taking a greater Affection to the Money arising from the Profits of the Bulls, than to the Bulls themselves ; I laid hold of a Bag, and made the best of my Way with it to *Madrid*, where with the many Opportunities I had of spending my Money, I soon drew out the very Intrails of my Bag. He that had the Charge of the Money, came after me, and apprehended me, and I had but little Favour shewn me ; although it is true, the Judges pitying my Youth, contented themselves with ordering me to be ty'd up, and to be a little Fly-flapp'd, and that I should be banish'd from the Court for four Years : I bore my Sufferings with Patience, shrugg'd up my Shoulders, and went into Banishment with so much haste, that I had no time to look for a Horse ; I took along with me what I thought most necessary, and amongst the rest, this Pack of Cards, (and now I call'd to mind the old Saying, *He carries his All on his Back*) for with these I have gain'd my Living at all the Publick Houses and Inns between *Madrid* and this Place, playing at One and Thirty ; and tho', Sir, they are dirty and torn, they are of wonderful Service to those who understand them, for they shall never cut without leaving an

Ace at Bottom, which is one good Point towards Eleven, with which Advantage, Thirty-One being the Game, he sweeps all the Money into his Pocket : Besides this, I know some slight Tricks at Cards and Hazard, so that as you are very dexterous, and a thorough Master of the Art of Cutting of Buskins, I am every bit as expert in the Science of Cheating People, and therefore I am in no fear of starving ; for tho' I come but to a small Cottage, there are always some who have a mind to pass away Time by playing a little, and of this we may now try the Experiment ourselves ; let us spread the Nets, and we shall see if none of these Birds, the Carriers, will fall into them ; which is as much as to say, you and I will play together at One and Thirty, as if it was in Earnest, perhaps some Body may make the Third, and he shall be sure to be the first to leave his Money behind him. With all my Heart, said the other, and I take it as a very great Favour, you have given me this Account of your Life, which has laid such an Obligation upon me, that I shall now make you acquainted with mine ; which take as follows. I was born in a pitiful little Place, between *Salamanca* and *Medina del Campo*, my Father is a Taylor, he instructed me perfectly in
his

his Business, and made me a compleat Master of the Shears ; but I being a Person of great Ingenuity, did not stop here, but thinking two Professions better than one, fell to cutting of Purfes, and being soon tir'd of so small a Village, which was in no wise large enough for my Abilities to exercise themselves in, and not caring to suffer any longer the Cruelty with which my Step-Mother treated me, I pack'd up my Alls, bid Adieu to the Village, and went to *Toledo* to exercise my Business, in which Place I acted Wonders, for there was no Pocket so private that my Fingers did not visit, or Scissars cut, although they were guarded by *Argus's* Eyes, and in the four Months that I continued in that City, I was never once taken, nor oblig'd to leap Walls, nor pursu'd by the Catchpoles, nor blown by any Cuckold of them all; though it is true, a roguish Spy had given Notice of my great Abilities to a Justice of the Peace, who being affected with my great Parts, had a great mind to see me; but I being of an humble Disposition, did not care to make so free with such grave Personages, for which Reason I would not wait on him; therefore went out of the City with so much speed, that I had not time to provide myself with a Horse or Mule,

or to put so much as a single Farthing in my Pockets, nor look out for a Return Coach, or Cart at least. Well, says *Rincon*, we will rub out all that, for now we know one another, we have no need to talk any more of our noble Birth or Quality, nor to take state upon us, but let us confess we have not either of us a Farthing in our Pockets, nor yet Shoes to our Feet. It is even so, answer'd *Diego Cortado*, (for so the little one was call'd) and since our Friendship, Mr. *Rincon*, as you say, must be perpetual, let us begin it with solemn and praise-worthy Ceremonies: And so *Diego Cortado* getting up, embrac'd *Rincon*, and *Rincon* him, with great Marks of Affection, and immediately they set down to play at One and Thirty with the aforementioned Cards, free indeed from Dust and Straw, but not from Grease and Deceit; and in a few Deals *Cortado* cut the Ace as dexterously as his Master *Rincon*. In the mean time came a Carrier out of the Inn to cool himself in the Porch, and ask'd leave to make a Third; they took him in with a good Will, and in less than half an Hour, they won Twelve *Rials and Eleven †Maravedies, which stab'd him twelve times to the Heart, and gave him eleven Thousand Vex-

* A Rial is a Coin worth about Six-pence. † A Maravedie is worth about half a Farthing.

Vexations : The Carrier believing, as they were but Boys, they would not defend themselves, would have taken the Money from them ; but one laying his Hand on his Dagger, and the other on his Butcher's Knife, gave him so much Employment, that had not his Companions run to his Assistance, without doubt he had come poorly off. At this very Nick of Time, a Company of Travellers on Horseback happen'd to come by, who were going to dine at the Inn of *Alcalde*, which was half a League farther, who seeing the Quarrel between the Boys and the Carrier, made Peace betwixt them, and told the Boys that in case they were going to *Seville*, they might go along with them. We are going there said *Rincon*, and we will serve you in whatsoever you command ; and without any more ado, they ran before the Mules, leaving the Carrier in Vexation and Trouble enough, and the Hostess in Admiration, at the Cunningness of the young Rogues, she having privately overheard all their Discourse ; and when she told the Carrier that she heard them say the Cards they had were false, he was ready to tear his very Mustachoes for Anger, and would needs go after them to get his Money again, for he said it was the greatest Affront and indignity, that two such Boys should cheat

so great a Man as himself, but his Companions stop'd him, advising him not to go, unless he had a mind to publish his own Folly and Simplicity; in short, they said so many Things to him, that altho' they gave him no great Comfort, however oblig'd him to desist from going after them.

But to return to our Youngsters, *Cortado* and *Rincon* behav'd themselves so well to the Travellers, that the greatest Part of the Way they were carried behind one or other of them; for although they had several Opportunities of exploring the Inside of the Travellers Portmantles and Cloak-bags, they would not make use of them, that they might not lose so good an Opportunity of going to *Seville*, which Place they had a great mind to see. However, having enter'd the City about the Time of Evening-Prayer, and being just come to the Custom-House, where the Duty upon all Goods is paid, *Cortado* could not refrain from ripping open a Portmantle, which a *Frenchman*, who was one of the Company, carried behind him; and so with his long Knife, he gave it so large and deep a Wound, that the very Entrails of it might be seen; and dexterously drew out two good Shirts, a Sun-dial, and a Memorandum Book, with which, when they came

to examine their Booty, they were not at all pleas'd, and thinking that since the *Frenchman* carried so large a Portmantle behind him, there must needs be somewhat in it of more Value than these Trifles; they had a great mind to return and give it another sounding, but they did not do it, imagining the *Frenchman* had before now perceiv'd the Trick they had play'd him, and taken Care of what they had left behind in the Portmantle.

They had taken their Leaves of those who had maintain'd them to this Place, before they committed the Theft; the next Day they sold the Shirts in the Market for old Cloaths, which is kept without the *Sand Gate*, they sold them for twenty Rials; after this they went to see the City, admiring its Grandeur and the Sumptuousness of its great Church, the great Concourse of People on the River, it being the Time of loading the Fleet, and there being six Gallies on it; the Sight of them made them sigh, fearing their Way of Life would bring them there, one Day, to end their Lives. Seeing a great many Boys running up and down with little Baskets, they ask'd what Business that was, if it was laborious, and what Gains attended it. An *Asturian* Boy, of whom

they enquir'd, answer'd, That it was an easy Business, and paid no Duty, that some Days they gain'd five or six Rials, with which they eat and drank, and were as merry as Kings. The two Friends did not think much amiss of this Account which the *Asturian* gave, neither did the Business displease them, for they thought that under Covert of that, they might practise their own with more Security, and better Success, by the Opportunities it would give them of entering into Houses; and therefore they immediately resolv'd to buy what was necessary for the Business, since they might enter upon it without Examination; so asking the *Asturian* what was necessary to buy, he answer'd, two little new Bags, and each of them three Baskets of Palm, two great and one little one, in which they were to put separately, the Meat, Fish, and Fruit, and the Bread in the Bag; he shew'd them where they were sold, and they paid for all out of the Booty they took from the *Frenchman*. The *Asturian* told them that in less than two Hours, they might take their Degree in their new Business, if they did but use their Baskets cleverly; he advis'd them to repair in the Morning to the Butchery, and the Market of *St. Saviour*; on Fish-Days to the Fish-Market; every Even-

Evening to the River; and on *Thursdays* to the Fair. They took care to get this Lesson well by Heart, and the next Day early in the Morning, they went to the Market of *St. Saviour*; they had scarcely come into it, but the young Lads of the same Business surrounded them, who by the flaming fine Figure of their Bags and Baskets, saw they were Novices, and ask'd them a thousand Questions, to which they answer'd with a great deal of Discretion and Modesty; in the mean time there came a young Man dress'd in Black, like a Student, and a Soldier, into the Market, who being invited by the Neatness of their Baskets, he that look'd like the Student, call'd *Cortado*, and the Soldier, *Rincon*: Here we are, said both; may this be a good Beginning, said *Rincon*, for you are the first, Sir, that has given me Handsel. To which, the Soldier reply'd, The Handsel will not be bad, because I am in Love, and am to make a Treat to Day, for some Ladies of my Mistress's Acquaintance. Well Sir, said *Rincon*, load me with what you please, for I have a willing Mind, and am strong enough to carry away all in the Market; and if it might be of any Service, I would lend a helping Hand to Cook it too, with a very good Will. The Soldier

was well pleas'd with the Humour of the Boy, and told him, if he was willing to serve him, he would take him off his mean Employment. To which *Rincon* answer'd, that this being the very first Day of using it, he was resolv'd not to leave it so soon, at least, till he could be able to judge of the Good and Bad there was in it; and at any time, that the Business he follow'd did not please him, he gave him his Word to serve him sooner than a Canon of the Church. The Soldier laugh'd at him, and loading him well, shew'd him his Mistress's House, and bid him mind it well, that he might know it another time, when he wanted him again on the like Occasion. *Rincon* promis'd the Soldier Faithfulness and good Usage; the Soldier gave him three Half-pence, and in a Trice he return'd to the Market again, that he might not let slip any Opportunity; for the *Asturian* had advis'd them to be diligent, and had told them likewise, that when they carried any small Fish, as Gudgeons, Grigs, and such-like, they might take a few of them for a Taste; but that this must be done with a great deal of Sagacity and Prudence, for fear of losing their Reputation and Credit, which was of the greatest Importance in that Business. Although *Rincon* made such
haste

haste back again, yet he found *Cortado* already return'd; *Cortado* came up to *Rincon*, and ask'd how Things went, *Rincon* open'd his Hand, and shew'd him the three Half-pence; *Cortado* put his Hand into his Bosom, and pull'd out a little Purse, which seem'd to have been in former times of a yellow Colour, and look'd as if it was well fill'd; Here, says he, his Reverence the Student paid me with this, and a Penny besides, but do you take it *Rincon*, for fear of what may happen; and having given it to him privately; See here, said he, is the Student returning all in a Sweat, and in a terrible taking about his Purse: The Student seeing *Cortado*, ask'd him, if by chance he had seen a Purse, with such and such Marks, which contain'd Fifteen Crowns in Gold, and six Rials in Silver, besides Copper; and to tell him truly, if he had not taken it while he was bargaining for Provisions? Towhich, with a strange Dissimulation, and without the least Alteration or Change of Countenance, *Cortado* answer'd, All that I can say about it is, that it would not have been lost, if you had taken more Care of it. That is very true, Sinner that I am, answer'd the Student, for sure enough, had I taken more Care of it, they would not have

have stolen it from me. I say so too, reply'd *Cortado*, but for all Things there is a Remedy, except against Death, and that which you ought first to take, it being a principal Ingredient, is Patience; and besides this, one Day comes after another, and it may be, in time, he that has taken your Purse, may repent of this horrid Crime, and bring it you back again perfum'd. We will pardon the Perfuming of it, replied the Student: And *Cortado* went on thus; and more than this, Sir, there may be had Letters of Excommunication, and using Diligence, which is the Mother of good Fortune, you may chance to get it again; and in good Truth, I would not be the Taker of the Purse, for if you are in holy Orders, I account it to be as great a Crime, as if I had committed Sacrilege or Incest. You say true, reply'd the griev'd Student, for indeed the Taker of it has committed Sacrilege: For although I am not a Priest, but only Sexton to a Monastery, the Money in the Purse was the third Part of one of the Chaplain's Salary, which I receiv'd for a certain Priest, a Friend of mine, and it is sacred and blessed Money. Much good may it do him that has it, answer'd *Rincon*, for I would not farm his Gains; for the Day of
Judg-

Judgment will come, when all Things will be brought to Light, and then it will be known who it was that dar'd to be so bold as to take, steal, and diminish the third Part of the Chaplain's Salary; and now we are talking of Salaries, pray good Mr. Sexton, what Salary may you have a Year? Salary, a Pox on the Whore your Mother, reply'd the Sexton, with somewhat too much Choler, is this a Time to tell what Salary I have a Year? Tell me, Brothers, if you know any Thing of the Matter, if not, fare you well, for I will e'en set the Cryer to work. I believe that will not be a bad Method, said *Cortado*; but I would advise you, Sir, not to forget the Marks of the Purse, nor the Quantity of the Money in it, for you must be very punctual in that, you must not mistake a Farthing, if you do, you will never see it again, whilst you live, and this you may depend on. There is no fear of that, said the Sexton, for I remember it better than the Chiming of the Bells, I shall not fail in the least Tittle of it: whilst he was talking thus, he pulled out of his Pockets, a lac'd Handkerchief, to wipe away the Sweat which distill'd down his Face, as from an Alembick: *Cortado* had no sooner seen it, but he mark'd it for his own; and the

Sexton.

Sexton being gone, *Cortado* follow'd him, and overtook him on the Steps of the Exchange, and calling him on one side, he began to make such a long Harangue, without either Head or Tail, talking a great deal about the Theft, the Reward for finding the Purse, and giving some Hopes of seeing it again, without concluding any Thing he had begun, so that the poor Sexton was quite stun'd with his Talk, and as he could not possibly understand his Meaning, he was oblig'd to make him repeat the same Thing two or three times; *Cortado* star'd him full in the Face, and never took his Eyes off his; the Sexton star'd at him in the same manner, being attentive to catch his Words; the greatness of his Perplexity and Stupefaction, gave *Cortado* time to finish his Work, and he dexterously drew the Handkerchief out of his Pocket, and then taking Leave of him, told him that in the Evening he would make it his Business to see him again in the same Place, because he had some inkling of a Boy of the same Business, and much about his bigness, that was a little thieving Cur, who had very likely taken his Purse, and that he would certainly find it out in a few Days; with which he made the poor Sexton a little easy, and so he
took

took his Leave of *Cortado*, who then went to *Rincon*, who had seen all at a little Distance; and a little below stood one of the Basket-Boys, who observ'd all that pass'd, and how that *Cortado* had given the Handkerchief to *Rincon*; and coming up to them, he said, Gallant Gentlemen, tell me, are you enter'd or no? We don't understand what you mean, young Gentleman, answer'd *Rincon*. Don't you understand me, * *Murcios*, reply'd the other? We are neither of † *Teba* nor ‖ *Murcia*, said *Cortado*, and if you have any thing more to say, speak it, if not, go in God's Name. Don't you understand me, said the Boy? Then I must tell you, it is as much as to say, Gentlemen, Are you Thieves? But I don't know why I ask you this Question, for I see you are such; but how comes it to pass, you have not been at Don *Monipodio*'s Custom - House? Pray, gallant Sir, do Thieves pay Tribute in this Country, said *Rincon*? If they don't pay, at least they Register themselves before Don *Monipodio*, reply'd the Boy, who is their Father, their Master, and Protector; therefore I advise you to go with me, and
pay

* *Murcios*, in *Spanish*, is a Cant Word for Thief.

† *Teba*, is a Town in the Province of *Andaluzia* in Spain. ‖ *Murcia*, a City in Spain.

pay him your Obedience, otherways not to venture to steal without his Mark, if you do, it will cost you dear. I thought, said *Cortado*, that Thieving was a Business free from any Tax or Duty, and that it was only hazarding Neck and Shoulders. But since it is so, and that every Country has its Custom, let us keep this, and therefore you may, if you please, conduct us to this Gentleman of whom you speak; for according to all I have heard of him, I already conjecture, that he is well-bred and qualified, and that he is very capable of his Business. He is, answer'd the young Lad, so well qualify'd, capable, and dexterous, that in four Years, that he has had the Charge of being our Head and Father, there has been only four made their exit on the Gallows, thirty rack'd, and sixty-two sent to the Gallies.

After they had walk'd some time, *Rincon* said to their Guide, and pray is your Worship a Thief? Yes, answer'd he, at God's and good People's Service, although not the most acquainted with the Business, for as yet, I am but in the Novice Year: To which, *Cortado* reply'd, it is something new to me, that there should be Thieves in the World at God's and good People's Service. To which the Boy answer'd, I don't

don't trouble myself about Divinity ; what I know is, that every Body ought to praise God in his Business, and more so by the particular Charge *Monipodo* gives to all his adopted Children. Without all doubt said *Rincon*, it must be a good and holy Charge, since it makes Thieves serve God : It is so Good and Holy, reply'd the Boy, that in our Business I believe it cannot be mended. He has given Orders, that out of whatever we steal, we should charitably give some Part to buy Oil for the Lamp of a certain Image, which is in this City ; and truly we have seen many great Things effected by this good Work, for some Days since, they thrice rack'd one of our Brotherhood, who had stolen two Asses ; and notwithstanding he was very lean, and had a Quartan Ague upon him, he suffer'd the Punishment, as if it had been nothing, without making the least Confession ; and our Society attribute this to their good Devotion, because his Strength of itself, was not sufficient to undergo the first twist of the Rack ; and besides, this particular Act of Devotion, of laying by some Part of our Profits to defray the Expence of Oil in the aforesaid Lamp, we pray often, our Rosaries being divided into Portions for the whole Week, and there
are

are many of us that will not steal on a *Friday*, nor have any Conversation on *Saturday*, with a Woman who is nam'd *Mary*. These, said *Cortado*, are precious Pearls indeed; but pray tell me, Sir, do they make any Restitution, or do they any Pennance more than what has been said? As for restoring any Thing, I can say nothing to that, reply'd the Boy, because it is a Thing impossible, what we steal, being divided into so many Parts, that the first Thief cannot, if he would, restore any Thing again; and besides, there is none who commands us to do any such Thing, for we never go to Confession; and if they get Letters of Excommunication, they never come to our Notice, for we never go to Church when they are read, but only on the Days of the Jubilee, for the Sake of the Gain which the great Concourse of People brings us. And on account of these Acts of Devotion, said *Cortado*, do these Gentlemen say, they lead a good and holy Life? And pray what Harm is there in it, said the Boy? Is it not worse to be a Heretick, a Renegade, to murder Father or Mother, or to be a Solomite? A Sodomite, Sir, said *Rincon*, is what you mean. The very same, answer'd the Boy. All is very bad, reply'd *Cortado*; but
since

since our Fate has ordain'd, that we should
 enter into this Fraternity, I beg of you to
 mend your Pace, for I die with Impatience
 to see this Gentleman *Monipodio*, whose
 Virtues and noble Qualities, you have so
 much enlarg'd upon. Your Desire shall be
 satisfy'd presently, said the young Lad,
 for from hence one may see the House ;
 please Gentlemen, to stay at the Door, and
 I will go in and see if he is at Leisure, for
 there are set Hours in which he gives
 Audience. Very well, answer'd *Rincon* :
 And their Guide stepping a little before,
 enter'd a House not of a very good, but
 of a very bad Appearance ; *Rincon* and
Cortado stood waiting at the Door ; he
 came out again presently, and call'd them,
 they went in, and their Conductor order'd
 them to stay in a little Hall pav'd with
 Tiles ; on one side stood a three-legged
 Stool ; on the other a broken-mouth'd
 Pitcher, and a little Pot without a Handle
 on the Top ; in another Part was a Flag-
 mat ; and in the middle stood a Flower-
 pot. The two Youths attentively survey'd
 the Furniture of the House, whilst Don
Monipodio came down ; and finding he
 staid long, *Rincon* made bold to go into
 a little Room which was on the same Floor,
 and he saw therein two Swords, two Tar-
 gets

gets of Cork hanging on four Nails, a great Chest without a Lid, or any Thing to cover it, with three Flag-mats laid on the Ground; on the Wall fronting the Door, was pasted a Picture of the *Virgin Mary*, which was of the worst Sort, and made her a most hideous and frightful Figure; a little below that, hung a little Basket made of Palm, and a little Font fixed into the Wall, from whence *Rincon* conjectur'd, the Basket serv'd for the Poor's Box, and the other to hold Holy Water in, and so it was indeed: Whilst they were here, two young Men dress'd like Students, who seem'd to be about Twenty, came into the House, a little while after that, came in two Basket Boys and a Blind Man, and without speaking a Word, they began to walk up and down the Hall; it was not long after, when two old Men came dress'd in Bays, with Spectacles* on their Nose, which made them appear grave, and worthy of Respect, with each a String of Beads in their Hands; and after them came in an old Woman, who without speaking a Word, went into the side Room, and having taken some
Holy

* In *Spain* it is customary to wear Spectacles in the Street, and those that wear them are look'd upon as grave and venerable Personages.

Holy Water, fell down on her Knees before the Picture of the Virgin *Mary*, with the most profound Devotion, and after a long Time, having first kiss'd the Earth three times, and as often lifted up her Hands and Eyes to Heaven, she got up, put her Charity into the Basket, and came out into the Hall among the rest ; in fine, in a little time, there was assembled in the Hall, about Fourteen Persons of different Garbs and Employments : Last of all came in two fierce looking Fellows, fantastically dress'd, with large Whiskers, broad-brim'd Hats, swinging Ruffs, flame-colour'd Stockings, and Swords of a monstrous and frightful Size ; each had a Pair of Pistols instead of Daggers, and their Targets hanging to their Belts, who as soon as ever they came in, star'd *Rincon* and *Cortado* full in the Face, as not knowing them, and wondring who they were ; and coming up to them, ask'd them if they belong'd to the Fraternity ? *Rincon* answer'd yes, and very much their Honours humble Servants. This happen'd at the very Nick of Time that Don *Monipodio* came down, long expected, and as gladly seen by all that virtuous Company ; he seem'd to be of about five or six and forty Years of Age, tall in Stature, and of
a swar-

a swarthy Complexion, his Eyes sunk in his Head, his Beard black and very thick; he came down in a Cloak of Bays hanging almost to his Feet, on which he had a Pair of Shoes slip-shod; his Legs were cover'd by a large Pair of Trousers, which reach'd down to his Anckles; his Hat look'd like that of a Pickpocket, being low in the Crown, and the Flaps hanging down over his Face; he wore across his Breast, an old Shoulder-Belt, on which hung a short broad Sword; his Hands were short and hairy, his Fingers thick, and the Nails flat; his Legs were not to be seen, (being hid by his Breeches and Cloak) but his Feet were monstrously broad, and the Knuckle-bones sticking out; in short, take him altogether, he was the most uncouth and deform'd Barbarian in the World. The Conductor of *Rincon* and *Cortado* came down with him, and taking them by the Hand, presented them to *Monipodio*, saying, These are the two clever young Men I was speaking to you of, Don *Monipodio*, if your Worship will please to examine them, you will find them worthy of entering into our Congregation. That I will do with a good Will, reply'd *Monipodio*. I forgot to mention, that as soon as ever *Monipodio* came down, every one that was waiting for him,

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at that very Instant made a profound and low Reverence to him, except the two Bravoës, who just moved their Hats, and immediately return'd to their Walk on one side the Hall, and on the other *Monipodio* walk'd up and down, and ask'd the two Youngsters their Business, Country and Parents. To which *Rincon* answer'd, Our Business is already told by our coming before your Worship; our Country it is not of much Importance to know; our Parents as little, since we are not making Information to receive any Habit of Honour. To which *Monipodio* answer'd, You are in the right of it, my Child, and what you say is very true, for it is very proper to conceal those Things, because if your Fortune should not turn out so well as it should, it is not good to have it set down under the Clerk's Hand, or upon Record, that such a one, Son of such a one, Inhabitant of such a Place, was on such a Day hang'd, whipp'd, or the like, for at least it sounds ill in good Mens Ears; and so I say once more, it is a good Maxim to say nothing of one's Country, and to conceal Surnames, although amongst ourselves, nothing must be conceal'd; but now I only want to know your Names? *Rincon* told him his, and *Cortado* likewise. Well then, said *Monipodio*,

nipodio, from henceforth I order, and it is my Will and Pleasure, that you *Rincon*, be call'd *Riconete*; and you *Cortado*, *Cortadillo*; which are Names fuitable to your Ages and our Ordinances, by which we are oblig'd to enquire the Names of the Parents of our Fraternity, because it is our Custom to cause certain Masses in the Year to be said for the Souls of our deceas'd Benefactors, taking out of what we steal, some Part to pay those Masses; and those Masses so said and paid, they say, are very profitable to those Souls; and these we reckon our Benefactors, The Solicitor that defends us, the Catchpole who gives us private Intelligence, the Hangman that pities us, and he, that when any of us is running through the Street with the Mob after him, crying out Stop Thief, Stop Thief, lay hold of him; he, I say, who puts himself between, and opposes himself to the Violence of those that follow, saying, Let the miserable Wretch alone, his Fortune is bad enough, he will have Chastisement enough for his Fault in the other World: Our She-mates are also our Benefactors, who help us strenuously at all times; as also are our Fathers and Mothers, who bring us into the World; and so is
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the * Notary, for if he is such a one as he should be, there is scarcely any Fault which he will reckon as a Crime, nor any Crime which will deserve Correction ; and for all these which I have nam'd, our Fraternity keeps every Year its † Adversary Day, with the greatest Pomp and Solemnity we are able. In good truth, said *Rinconete*, (already confirm'd in this Name) this is a Work worthy of the great and profound Genius, which we have heard say Signior Don *Monipodio* is Master of : But our Parents are still living, yet if we should happen to outlive them, we will immediately give Notice of it to this most happy mediating Fraternity, that these Masses which your Worship speaks of, may be said for their Souls, with the accustomed Pomp and Solemnity. So it shall be done, reply'd *Monipodio*, and calling their Conductor, he said to him, Come hither *Ganchelo*, Are the Centinels set ? Yes, answer'd the Guide, (for *Ganchuelo* was his Name) there are three Centinels on the look-out, and there is no fear of their taking us by Surprize. Returning then to our first Purpose, said *Monipodio*, I want to know

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* The Notary in *Spain*, is one who when any Criminal is apprehended, draws up his Offence with all the Circumstances in Form. † Anniversary.

Sons, what you are skill'd in, that I may give you Business and Employment according to your Inclinations and Abilities? *Rinconete* answer'd, I understand all the Cheats of Games, and know how to slip a Card slyly aside, and have more cunning Tricks than a *Neapolitan*. These are good Beginnings, answer'd *Monipodio*, though they are but mere Trifles; but the Time is coming, and we shall see it too, that having half a dozen Lessons built upon these Foundations, I trust you'll turn out a famous Man in your Business, and I even hope to see you a compleat Master: To serve your Worship and the rest of the Brotherhood answer'd *Rinconete*: And you, *Cortadillo*, What can you do, said *Monipodio*? I, answer'd *Cortadillo*, am skill'd in Slight of Hand, as they call it, put in two, and draw five, and how to pick a Pocket with Dexterity. Do you know any Thing more, said *Monipodio*? No, answer'd *Cortadillo*, I know no more, to my Sorrow. Don't afflict yourself, Son, reply'd *Monipodio*, for you are come to a good School, where you will not be deny'd, nor go out again without being very much improv'd in all that's necessary for you to know; and in Respect to your Courage, how stands it with you Children? How should it be, reply'd *Rin-*

conete,

conete, but very ready, and stout enough to perform any Enterprize belonging to our Art and Business? That's very well, reply'd *Monipodio*, but what I want to know of you also, is, that if it was needful, whether you have Courage enough to endure half a dozen Rackings without opening your Lips, or saying, this Mouth is my own? We have Courage, Don *Monipodio*, I warrant you, cry'd *Rinconete*, for we are not such Fools, but we know that what the Tongue tells, the Neck pays for, and it is a sufficient Favour which Heaven grants, the bold Man (not to give it any other Title) that it leaves his Life or Death, to depend on his own Tongue. There is no need of any more at this Time, said *Monipodio*, and, I say, this Answer alone convinces, obliges, persuades, and forces me from this Time forward to set you down in the Elder Brotherhood, and that we excuse you the Noviciate Year. I am of the same Opinion, said one of the Bravoes, and all who were present, who had heard the whole Discourse, and confirm'd the same, and besought *Monipodio*, that from that Time he would admit them to enjoy the Immunities and Privileges of their Fraternity, because their agreeable Aspect, and their ready Wit, deserv'd it all. He answer'd, that

to give Content to all, from that very Minute he admitted them, letting them know that he esteem'd them very much, and as a Token thereof, they should not pay the Quarteridge for the first half Year, out of what they should steal, nor do any of the little mean Offices belonging to Novices, the first whole Year ; as carrying Messages from any Elder Brother of the Fraternity to the Prison, or House, and the like ; and that they should be allow'd to drink unmix'd Wine, and to make a Feast when, where, and how they pleas'd, without asking Leave of their Head, and should come in for a Share from this Time forward, of every Thing the Elder Brotherhood should steal, like one of them, and other Immunities ; which were the greatest Signs of Favour, for which they return'd them Thanks, in the most obliging Manner they were able. Whilst they were talking, a Boy came running in quite out of Breath, and said, the Magistrate is coming this Way, but he has not his Officers along with him. Don't be in a Fright, said *Monipodio*, for he is a Friend, and never comes to do us any Harm, stay here, I will go and speak to him : All was hush, for they were a little terrified, and *Monipodio* went to the Door, where he found the
 Magi-

Magistrate, with whom he staid talking some time, and then return'd, and ask'd, to whom fell the Station of St. *Saviour* to Day? To me, said the Guide. If so, reply'd *Monipodio*, how comes it to pass you did not inform me of the Amber-colour'd Purse, which founder'd this Morning much about the said Place, with fifteen Crowns in Gold, four Rials of Silver, and I know not how much Copper Money? True it is, said the Guide, that such a Purse was lost, but I did not take it, neither can I imagine who has taken it. Come, come, no Shams with me, reply'd *Monipodio*, the Purse must be brought to Light, because the Magistrate requires it, who is a Friend, and does us a thousand Services in a Year. The young Man swore again, that he knew nothing of it. And *Monipodio* began to be in such a furious Passion, that he look'd as if Fire darted out of his Eyes, saying, Let none of you think to jest with me, or break through the least Point of our Orders; if he does, it shall cost him his Life: Let the Purse be brought forth; for if it is conceal'd to excuse paying the Duties, I will pay that entirely myself, and place the rest to my Account; for be it after what Manner it will, Mr. Magistrate must not go away displeas'd. The young Man began

to swear and curse again, saying, he had not taken it, nor even so much as set his Eyes upon it: All this did but add more Fire to *Monipodio's* Choler, and put in Disorder the whole Assembly, seeing their Statutes and good Ordinances were so little regarded. *Rinconete* seeing so much Dissention and Confusion amongst them, thought it would be the best Way to quiet it, and give Satisfaction to his Chief, who was ready to burst with Anger; he advis'd with his Friend *Cortadillo*, and by mutual Consent he pull'd out the Sexton's Purse, and said, Gentlemen, let all these Debates and Contentions cease, for here is the Purse, without the least Diminution of what Mr. Magistrate speaks of, which my Comrade *Cortadillo* got to Day, together with a Handkerchief which he took from the same Person for a Blessing; immediately *Cortadillo* pull'd out the Handkerchief, and shew'd it to them all. *Monipodio* seeing this, said, let *Cortado* the Good, for by that Name he shall from henceforwards be known, keep the Handkerchief, and the Recompenfing of this Service shall be put to my Account; the Purse Mr. Magistrate must take with him, for it belongs to a Sexton, a Cousin of his, and it's reasonable that we should fulfil the Proverb, which says,

says, *He that gives you a Hen, it is not a great deal if you give him a Leg of it*; for this good Magistrate will dissemble in our Favour, more in one Day, than it is in our Power to recompense in a Hundred; with one Consent they all approv'd of the Gentleman-like Behaviour of these two Novices, as also the Judgment and Opinion of their Head, who went out to give the Magistrate the Purse; and *Cortadillo* remained confirm'd in his Sir-name of the *Good*, as well as if he had been call'd Don * *Alonzo Perez de Guzman* the *Good*, who throw'd his Knife over the Walls of *Tarifa*, to cut off the Head of his own Son. But to return, when *Monipodio* came back, he brought in with him two young Women, with their Faces painted, and their Breasts daub'd with Ceruse, they had on short Veils made of Sayes; they came in with so much Impudence and Boldness, as sufficiently convinc'd *Rinconete* and *Cortadillo*, they were Ladies of the Town, and they were not deceiv'd; for as soon as they enter'd, they ran with open Arms, the one

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* *Alonzo Perez de Guzman*, about the Year 1292, defended *Tarifa* with the utmost Bravery against the *Moors*, who because he would not surrender, murder'd his Son before his Face, for which he had the Sirname of *The Good* given him, which his Successors still keep up.

to *Cbinquinaze*, the other to *Maniferro*, for so the two Bullies was nam'd: *Maniferro* was so call'd, because he had an Iron Hand in the room of another, which the Hangman had cut off; they embrac'd the Ladies with great Joy, and ask'd if they had brought any Thing with them to wet their Throats? That shall not be wanting my dexterous one, answer'd one they call'd *Gananciosa*, it will not be long e're *Salvattello* thy Boy will come with a great Basket cram'd with such Things as Providence has been pleas'd to send; and this was very true, for at the same Time a Boy came in with a Basket of Wine and Eatables, cover'd with a Sheet; at *Silvato's* Entry, every one was rejoyc'd, and that Moment *Monipodio* commanded a Flag Mat to be brought, which was in the Chamber, and spread it on the Floor; he likewise order'd they should all sit down round about it, and said when his Passion was over, he would treat of what was most necessary: Then spoke the old Woman that had been praying so long to the Picture of the Virgin *Mary*, Son *Monipodio*, I am not for Feasting, for I have had a swimming in my Head these two Days, which makes me almost mad; and besides, I must go to my Devotions before Noon, and place my little Candles

Candles before our Lady of the Waters, and before the holy Crucifix of St. *Augustine*, and I will not neglect to do it, though it should Blow, Rain, and Hail, as if Heaven and Earth would come together; and what I am come about is, that last Night, the Renegade and Centopies brought to my House a great Basket, somewhat bigger than this before me, full of Linnen, as I live they brought Buck and all; poor Souls they had not time to rest themselves, but came in sweating such large Drops, one Drop following the other, that it griev'd me to see them, they came so panting in! and the Sweat so running down their Faces! but they look'd like little Angels; they told me that they were going to follow a Shepherd, who had been weighing some Sheep in the Butchery, to see if they could come at a great Purse of Rials, he had about him: They left the Basket without counting the Cloaths, trusting to my Conscience; and so may God grant me my good Desires, and deliver us all from the Power of Justice, as I have not touch'd the Basket, and that it is as entire as when it was born. Mother, I believe all this, answer'd *Monipodio*, and so let it be, for I will go at Sun-set, and make an Examination, and see what there is, and I

will give to every one what belongs to him faithfully, according to my Custom: Let it be as you please to order it, Son, reply'd the old Woman, and because it grows late, give me a little Draught of Wine to comfort my Stomach, which is quite faint with fasting. You shall have some, Mother, reply'd *Escalanta*, for so they call'd the Companion of *Gananciosa*, and uncovering the Basket, expos'd to view a Leather Bottle, that held about six Gallons, and one of Cork, which might cleverly hold, and without stretching, about three Pints, and taking it out, *Escalanta* put it into the Hands of the devout old Woman, who laying hold of it with both her Clutches, and having blown off a little of the Froth, said, Daughter *Escalanta*, you have given me a great Quantity, but God enables us to do all Things, and applying it to her Lips, she pull'd it off at once, without taking Breath, saying, May the Lord comfort you, my Daughter, as you have comforted me, only I am afraid it will do me harm, because I am fasting. It won't, Mother, cry'd *Monipodio*, because it is small Wine. I hope by the Virgin it will not, answer'd the old Woman, and added, See Children, if any of you have a Halfpenny to buy some little Candles for
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my Devotions, because I came with such Haste and Good-will to bring the News of the Basket, that I forgot to put on my Pouch: Yes, I have some, Dame *Pipota*, (for this was the Name of the good old Woman) answer'd *Gananciosa*, take it, here are two Half-pence, one of which I beg of you to lay out for me, and place it to St. *Michael*; and if you can get two, place the other to St. *Blas*, for they are my Intercessors; I would have another plac'd to St. *Lucia*, for she is one by my Eyes, for whom I have a great esteem, but I have no small Money now, another Day I shall, and then I will do it to them all. You will do mighty well, Child, by so doing, said the old Woman, and see that you are not Covetous, for it is of great Importance for a Person himself to carry the Candles before he dies, and not to stay till our Heirs or Administrators do it for us. Mother *Pipota* says well, reply'd *Escalanta*, and clapping her Hands to her Purse, gave her another Halfpenny, and charg'd her to place two other little Candles, to any two Saints which she lik'd best, and who were esteem'd the most serviceable and grateful. With this *Pipota* went away, saying, Make merry now Sons whilst you may, for Age will come, and then you'll bewail

bewail that youthful Time you have lost, as I do now, and recommend me to God in your Prayers, for I go to do the same for myself, and for you, that he may preserve us in our dangerous Business, without being surpriz'd by Justice; and with this she went away. The old Woman being gone, they all sat down round the Mat, and *Gananciosa* laid the Sheet for a Table-Cloth; the first Thing they took out of the Basket, was a great Bunch of Radishes, with about two Dozen of Oranges and Lemons, after that a great Pot full of salted and dry'd Codfish fry'd, and cut in Pieces, and presently after a Dutch Cheese, a Pot of rare Olives, and a Plate of Prawns, with a great Number of Crabs, with Caper Sauce stew'd with Pepper, together with three great Loaves of white Bread. There was at Breakfast about fourteen; and there was not one of them but pull'd out his yellow-handled Knife, except *Rincon*, who drew out his Dagger. It fell to the two old Men cloath'd in Bays, and the Guide to serve about the Wine, but as soon as they had begun to make an Assault on the Oranges, they were all put into a terrible Fright, by a loud Knocking at the Door; *Monipodio* commanded them to be all easy and quiet, and going

going into the Hall below, he took down a Buckler, put his Hand on his Sword, and went to the Door, and with a hoarse and frightful Voice ask'd who was there? They answer'd from without, 'tis I, there is nothing the Matter, Don *Monipodio*, I am *Tagarete* the Centry of this Morning, and I am come to tell you, that here comes *Juliana Caribarta* with her Hair all about her Ears, crying bitterly, which makes me think some Disaster has happen'd to her; by this time she came up sighing and sobbing, which *Monipodia* hearing, open'd the Door, and commanded *Tagarete* to return to his Post, and for the future, when he came to bring him any News, to do it with less Noise; he answer'd, he would; and *Caribarta* came in, who was a young Wench of the same Occupation as the other two Ladies; she came with her Hair torn off her Head, her Face full of Bumps, and as soon as she got into the House, fell down on the Floor in a Swoon; *Gananciosa* ran immediately to help her, as did also *Escalanta*, and opening her Breast, they found it all Black and Blew, they threw Water in her Face, and she came to herself again; crying out the Justice of God and the King lay hold of that Thief and Villain, upon that mean-
spirited

spirited Coward, upon that nitty lousy Rogue, whom I have sav'd from the Gallows more times than he has Hairs on his Beard : O unhappy me ! see for whom I have undone myself, and on whom I have thrown away my Youth, and the Flower of my Age, -is it not for a cheating Villain, a wicked incorrigible Wretch ? Be easy *Caribarta*, said *Monipodio*, for here am I that will do you Justice ; tell but your Wrongs, for you will be longer in relating them, than I shall be in taking Revenge ; tell me if he has not paid you sufficient Respect, for if it is so, and you want to be reveng'd, you have nothing more to do than to speak the Word. What Respect does he pay me, answer'd *Juliana*, you see I am hellishly Respected ; could a Lyon use Sheep, or Butcher a Lamb worse, and shall I eat again at the same Table, or lie in the same Bed with him ? may I rather be choak'd with crooked Pins, than be us'd in the Manner you see me now ; then taking up her Coats to her Knees, and a little higher, she show'd several black and blue Places, in this manner has the ungrateful *Repolido* serv'd me, tho' he is more oblig'd to me than to his Mother that bore him ; and perhaps you think that my Deserts merited all this : No truly, it was no more

more than this, that he being at play, loosing his Money, sent me to *Cabrilla* his Pimp, for 30 Rials, and he sent him but 24, and Heaven knows the Trouble and Vexation I had to get these, I beg of Heaven it may be discounted for my Sins; and in return of this Courtesy and good Deed, he believing I had kept back some part of the Money; this Morning he took me into the Fields behind the King's Garden, and there amongst the Olive Trees stripp'd me naked, and with his broad Girdle, without Pity or Compassion, whipt me so, that he left me for dead, of which true History, this Flesh of mine which you see, is a sufficient Witness: Here she began to roar out again; here she began to ask for Justice again, and here *Monipodio* promis'd again, as did all the Bullies there present. *Gananciosa* took her by the Hand to comfort her, saying she would give, with a very good Will, any thing she had that was most valuable, that her Lover had serv'd her so; because I would have you to know, Sister *Caribarta*, if you don't know it, those they love dearly they Chastise; and when these Knaves beat, whip, and kick us, then they adore us; and confess to me sincerely, did not *Repolido*, after he had chastised and bruised you, give you
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one kind Word? Not only one, answer'd the bewailing Nymph, but a hundred thousand, and would have given a Finger of his Hand, if I would have gone to his Lodgings with him; and more, it's my Belief, the very Tears were coming out of his Eyes after he had been beating me. There is no doubt of it, answer'd *Gananciosa*, and that he would even cry to see the Pain he had put you in; for it is the Nature of such sort of Men, in such sort of Cases, they have no sooner committed the Fault, than they repent of it; and you will see, Sister, that he will come to look for you, before you depart from this Place, and ask Pardon for what is pass'd, and submit himself to you as humble as a Lamb. Truly, answer'd *Monipodio*, such a cowardly Coxcomb shall not enter these Doors, if first of all he does not make a manifest shew of his repenting the Fault he has committed, in that he dar'd to be so bold as to lift up his Hand against the Face and Flesh of *Caribarta*, being a Person that for Cleanliness and Usefulness, may compare with *Gananciosa* herself, who is here before us, than whom no one can be more dear to me. At which *Juliana* said, Don *Monipodio*, I beseech you, don't you say any Thing against that good for nothing Fellow, for
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tho' I have been us'd as I am, I love him at my very Heart, for with *Gananciosa's* Reasoning, my Soul is return'd into my Body again, she having spoke so much in his Favour; and truly I am ready to go look for him. If you will take my Advice, reply'd *Gananciosa*, you shall not do so, because he'll swell, and be puff'd up like a drown'd Body upon it; be easy Sister, for you will see him in a little Time come in such a repenting Mood, as I have told you, and if he does not come, we will write some Verses that shall sour him. That's right, said *Caribarta*, for I have a thousand Things to write to him, I will be the Secretary, if there is an Occasion, said *Monipodio*, and altho' I am nothing of a Poet, yet I make account that if I tuck up my Sleeves, I shall be able to make two Thousand Verses in the twinkling of an Eye; and if they should not prove good ones, I know a Barber who is my intimate Friend, and a great Poet, that will give us our Belly full of them at any Time of the Day; and now let us leave off this Business till Breakfast is over, and afterwards we'll talk more of the Matter: *Juliana* was willing to obey her Superior, and so every one return'd to their Soul's Delight again, and in a little Time they saw the Bottom of the Basket, and
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the Dregs of the Leather Bottle ; the old Ones drank *sine fine*, the young Ones until they were agreed, and the Ladies as long as they would : The old Ones ask'd Leave to go, and *Monipodio* immediately granted it, charging them to come and give Notice with all Punctuality, of every Thing that might be to the Advantage, and for the Good of the Society. They answer'd that they would take especial Care of that Point. *Rinconete* being naturally inquisitive, first of all asking Pardon and Leave, ask'd *Monipodio* of what Service to the Fraternity those two grave Grey-headed Persons were ? To which *Monipodio* answer'd, Those in our Language or Cant, are call'd *Hornets*, whose Business it is to go daily about the City, looking out what may be stolen at Night, and to follow those that receive Money out of the Bank, to observe where they carry it, and knowing this, to mark the House, and Number of the Family, and to discover the most convenient Places to make Holes, for the more easy entering therein ; in fine, they are, said he, a People of as much, or more Use, than any in the Fraternity ; and of all that is stolen, through their Industry, they have the fifth Part, as his Majesty has, of the Treasures ; and with all this, they

they are Men of great Veracity, very Honourable, of a good Life and Reputation, very Religious and Conscientious, hearing Mass every Day with uncommon Devotion. There are some of them so Courteous, especially those Two that are just gone out, that they content themselves with much less than they might fairly claim, according to our List of Rates. There are two others that belong to our Fraternity, by Profession Chairmen, who as they are every Moment going into different Places, are thoroughly acquainted with all the Houses in the City, and which will turn out well, and which not. All these Things are much to my liking, said *Rinconete*, and I want to be of some Service, to so famous a Society. Heaven always favours our good Desires, said *Monipodio*; whilst they were talking thus, some Body knock'd at the Door, *Monipodio* went out to see who it was; and asking, they answer'd, Please *Monipodio* to open the Door, for I am *Repolido*. *Caribarta* hearing the Voice, lift up her's to Heaven, saying, Pray Don *Monipodio* don't open the Door to that Tarpeyan Sailor, to that Tiger of *Ocana*. Notwithstanding which, *Monipodio* open'd the Door to *Repolido*; but *Caribarta* seeing him opening it, got up, and ran into the
Hall

Hall where the Bucklers were, and shutting the Door after her, made a horrible bellowing within, crying out; Take this fellow out of my Sight, this Tormentor and Oppressor of the Innocent, this Frighter of tame Pigeons. *Maniferro* and *Cbinquiznaque* held *Repolido*, for he at any rate would have got into the Room where *Caribarta* was, but as they would not let him, he spoke without: Be no longer angry, my Dear, I beseech you to be good Humour'd again, so may you be married. I married perverse Man, answer'd *Caribarta*, look how the Cat and Dog agree; I know you would fain have me marry you, but I would rather be whip'd to Death than be wedded to you. Go you Fool, cry'd *Repolido*, let us make Things easy, for it is late, and don't think to take upon you, and look big, because I speak so mildly, and am so submissive; don't raise my Choler to the Height, lest your second Fall be worse than the first; humble yourself, and we'll be all humble, and let us not give the the Devil any Thing to dine on: But yet I would give him something for Supper, said *Caribarta*, that is, to take you where my Eyes may never see you more. I don't say so to you, said *Repolido*, but I will assure you, Madam, I shall look
out

out for a Parcel of good Sticks, and tho' I sell none, I will give them away by Dozens. To this, *Monipodio* said, I will have no such Talk in my Presence; *Caribarta* shall come out, not for your Threatnings, but for my Sake, and all Things shall be made up; *For the Fallings out of Lovers, is the renewing of Love*: Come *Juliana*, my Child, my Full-face, come out hither, for my Sake, for I will make *Repolido* ask your Pardon on his Knees. If he will do that, said *Escalanta*, we shall be all on his side, and join in requesting *Juliana* to come out. If this is to be done by Way of Submission, or lessening of my Person, said *Repolido*, I would not submit to an Army of *Swissars* drawn up in Battle Array; but if it is at *Caribarta's* Desire, I don't only say I will kneel, but I will even drive a Nail into my Forehead in her Service. *Chiquiznaque* and *Maniferro* laugh'd at this, which so much anger'd *Repolido*, thinking they had made a Jest of him, that he said, with Signs of excessive Anger, whosoever laughs, or thinks to laugh at *Caribarta*, or me, or at what we have said, or shall say, I say he is a Liar, and lies every Time he laughs, or thinks so to do. *Chiquiznaque* and *Maniferro* gave him
such

such an ill Look, as made *Monipodio* think, if this was not remedied, it would end but badly; and so putting himself between them, he said, Gentlemen, let these high Words go no farther, and if what has been said fits no one, let no one take it to himself. We are very sure, answer'd *Chiquiznaque*, that he did not say, nor will say those Words to us, for had we imagin'd he meant us by them, the Rough Musick is in the Hands of those who know how to play it off. *Repolido* bluntly answer'd, clapping his Hand to his Sword, if you are for rough Musick, have at you, for I think I know how to ring the Chimes upon occasion, and already I have said, he that laughs, lies, and let him who thinks otherwise, follow me; for with a Sword nine Inches shorter than his, I will make him confess it; and saying this, he went towards the Door: *Caribarta* stood watching, and when she understood that he was going out of Doors in a Passion, she came out crying, "Stop him that he may not go out, " don't you see what a furious Passion he is " in, and he is a very *Hercules* for Valour? " Return hither thou World's Wonder, and " Delight of my Eyes," then closing in with him, she laid fast hold of his Cloak, and *Monipodio* assisting her, they held him back;

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Cbiquiznaque and *Maniferro* not knowing whether they should be angry or no, said nothing, expecting what *Repolido* would do ; who seeing himself intreated by *Cari-barta* and *Monipodio* too, turn'd back again saying, Friends never ought to affront Friends, nor make a Jest of them, especially when they see it makes them angry. There is no one here, answer'd *Maniferro*, who would provoke any Friend, or make a Jest of him, and we are all Friends, and like Friends let us give one another our Hands ; at this, *Monipodio* said, all of you have spoke like good Friends, and as such, shake Hands together, which they did immediately ; and *Escalanta* taking off one of her Pattens, began to make a sort of Rough Musick with it ; *Gananciosa* took a new Palm Broom, which she found in the House, and with scratching it, made a Sound, that although it was hoarse and rough, agreed well enough with the Patten ; *Monipodio* broke a Plate into two pieces, which he put between his Fingers, and ringing one against the other, made the Treble to the Patten and the Broom : *Riconete* and *Cortadillo* being surpris'd at the new Invention of the Broom, for till then they had never seen it, *Maniferro* observing it said, You are admiring the Broom, she plays a good Stick,

Stick, Musick sooner made, and with less Trouble, nor cheaper was never invented in the World; and I heard a Student say the other Day, that neither *Negrofeus* who fetch'd *Orisbe* from Hell, nor *Marion* who got upon the Dolphin and went to Sea, as a Gentleman would do upon a hir'd Mule, nor that other great Musician who built a City with a hundred Gates, and as many Wickets, never invented a better kind of Musick, so easy to be learnt, such a manner of touching it, so without Keys, Strings, Cliffs or Notes, and without any Trouble of putting it in Tune; and by the Lord *Harry*, they say that an *Italian* in this City, who sets up for a very *Hector* in Musick, was the Inventor of it. I believe it very readily, answer'd *Riconete*, but let us listen to the Performance of our Musicians, for by *Gananciosa's* Humming, I suppose she is going to sing; and indeed it prov'd so, for *Monipodio* had begg'd her to sing some Couplets of those which were last made for their own Use: The first that began was *Escalanta*, who with a shrill crack'd Tone, sung the following:

*For a red-bair'd Sevillian, the Lord of my Soul,
My passionate Heart is burnt up to a Coal.*

Ganan-

Gananciosa fung the next. ———

*What various Desires does Cupid impart,
A Swarthy-fac'd Lover possesses my Heart.*

And presently after *Monipodio* making an extraordinary Flourish upon the Pieces of the broken Plate, roar'd out in a hoarse Voice :

*All the Quarrels of Lovers soon end in good Nature,
Tho' their Anger is great, yet their Pleasure is greater:*

Caribarta likewise being unwilling to be silent, took another Patten, fell to dancing, and accompanied the rest singing :

*Hold angry Man, forbear your bad Design,
It's your own Flesh you beat, when you beat mine.*

Let us sing the plain Song, (I mean that without any Discord) said *Repolido*, and let us not meddle with old Stories, for what is pass'd, let it pass, let us talk of something else, there has been Words enough to that Tune. Their Design was not to have left off Singing so soon, had not they heard some Body knocking at the Door very hastily; upon which *Monipodio* went out to see who it was, and the Centry told him that he had spied at the end of the Street, the Alcalde, and before him come *Tordillo* and *Cernicalo*, neutral Catch-
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poles. The Company within hearing this, it put them in such a Hurly-burly and Confusion, that *Caribarta* and *Escalanta* put on their Pattens the wrong Way, *Gananciosa* drop'd her Broom, *Monipodio* his broken Plate, and all the Musick was put in a troubled Silence, *Chiquiznaque* was struck Dumb, *Repolido* was astonish'd, and *Maniferro* scar'd out of his Senses, and they all vanish'd, some one Way, some another, climbing up the Rafters and Tiles to escape into the next Street; never did a Musket fired on a sudden, nor Thunder unexpected so affright a Flock of careless Pigeons, as the News of the coming of the Magistrate, terrify'd and put in a Confusion, this Assembly of good People. The two Novices, *Rinconete* and *Cortadillo*, knew not what to do with themselves, and so waited quietly, expecting how this sudden Storm would end, which was over, upon the Centry's returning to tell them, that the Magistrate had pass'd by without any Signs of Suspicion; and whilst they were telling this to *Monipodio*, a young Gentleman came to the Door, whom *Monipodio* brought in with him, and commanded them to call *Chiquiznaque*, *Maniferro*, and *Repolido*, and not any of the rest to come down; but as *Rinconete* and *Cortadillo*

dillo had staid below in the Hall, they could hear all the Discourse which pass'd between *Monipodio* and the Gentleman, who said to *Monipodio*, Why have you serv'd me so ill; in what I trusted to you? *Monipodio* answer'd, that as yet, he did not know what was done in that Affair, but there was the Workman in whose Charge it was, and he would give a good Account of himself. *Chiquiznaque* came down, and *Monipodio* ask'd him if he had executed the Business that was committed to him, of the fourteen * Slashes. Which of them, answer'd *Chiquiznaque*, is it the Merchant in the Cross-Way? The same, answer'd the Gentleman. What has pass'd in this Affair said *Chiquinazque*, is, that I was watching last Night at the Door of his House, and he came out before Prayer time; coming nigh him, I took a strict Survey and especial Notice of his Face, and found it so small, that I saw it was impossible, and beyond impossible, to place so many Slashes in it, finding the Impossibility to comply with what was promis'd, and to do what I carry'd in my Destruction, Instruction you would say, Sir, said the Gentleman.

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* The *Spaniards* often hire Bullies to disfigure any one they have a Grudge against, by cutting and slashing him in the Face.

tleman. I would have said so, answer'd *Chiquiznaque* ; I say, seeing the Narrowness of, and the small Quantity of his Face, that it would not hold the propos'd Slashes ; because my Journey should not be in vain, I gave a fine Plump-fac'd Lacquey of his, the fourteen Slashes, and those of the largest Size. But said the Gentleman, I had rather you had given the Master seven, than the Servant fourteen, in effect you have not comply'd with me as was reasonable ; but no matter, the thirty Ducats I left as earnest, will make no great Difference : I kiss your Hands, Gentlemen, and saying this he took off his Hat, and turn'd about to go away. But *Monipodio* laid hold of his Cloak, saying, Stay Sir, and comply with your Promise, for we have comply'd with our's, with a great deal of Honour, and even more than we promis'd ; there wants twenty Ducats, and you, Sir, shall not stir out from hence without giving it, or a Pledge that is worth it. And do you, Sir, call this complying with your Word, answer'd the Gentleman, to slash the Servant, when you should have slash'd the Master ? Sir, it answers the End very well, said *Chiquiznaque*, I think it's well done, don't you remember the Proverb, that says, *He that loves Bertram, loves his Dog ?*

Dog? Well, in what Manner can you apply this Proverb, reply'd the Gentleman? Why is it not the same, proceeded *Chiquiznaque*, as to say, *He that hates Bertram, hates his Dog*? and so *Bertram* is the Merchant, you, Sir, wish him ill, his Lacquey is the Dog, and the flasing the Dog is flasing *Bertram*, and now that Doubt is resolv'd, and explains itself; for which Reason there is nothing more to do, than to pay immediately without any Delay, or the least mention of Abatement. This I will swear well to, added *Monipodio*, and you have taken it out of my Mouth, Friend *Chiquiznaque*, and all that you have said; and so, Sir, don't stand upon Trifles with your Servants and Friends, but take my Counsel, and pay what is earn'd; and if you please that we should give another flasing to the Master, as much as his Face can carry, make Account that he is already under the Surgeon's Hands. If you do this, answer'd the Gentleman, I will willingly pay for both the one and the other, without any Abatement. Make no more doubt of it, said *Monipodio*, than of being a Christian, for *Chiquiznaque* shall mark him in such a Manner, as if he had been born with it. With this Security and Promise, answer'd the Gentleman, receive this

Gold Chain in Pledge of the twenty Ducats owing, and of forty I offer for the Slashing to come; it weighs a thousand Rials, and it may be it will all be work'd out, for I have a Person in my Eye to whom it will be needful before long, to give other fourteen Slashes. Then he took off a Chain which he wore about his Neck, and gave it to *Monipodio*, which as to the Colour and Weight, he saw was no Deceit. *Monipodio* received it with a great deal of Pleasure and Complaisance, because he was extremely well bred; the Execution was left to *Chiquiznaque's* Charge, who only took that Night to do it. The Gentleman went away very well contented, and presently after *Monipodio* called them that were absent, who had hid themselves in Holes and Corners for fear of the Magistrate. All came down, and *Monipodio* placing himself in the midst of them, took out a Memorandum Book, which he carried in the Hood of his Cloak, and gave it to *Rinconete* to read, because he did not know how himself. *Rinconete* open'd it, and in the first Leaf he saw was written, a Memorandum of the Slashes which are to be given this Week.

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The first is the Merchant in the Cross-Way, worth fifty Crowns, receiv'd thirty on Account; *Chiquiznaque* to execute it.

I don't believe Child there is any other, said *Monipodio*, go on and see where it says, a Memorandum of the Cudgelings or Beatings. *Rinconete* turn'd over the Leaf, and on another was written, a Memorandum of the * Cudgelings or Bastinadoes.

The Cellerman that sells Clover Grass, twelve Bastinadoes, and those well laid on, at a Crown each; received eight on Account, the Time allow'd is six Days; *Maniferro* to execute it.

This may be cross'd out, said *Maniferro*, for this Night I shall discharge it.

Is there any more Child, said *Monipodio*? Yes, there is another, answer'd *Rinconete*, which says thus, The Hunch-back Taylor, who goes by the Name of *Gold Finch*, six Bastinadoes heavily laid on, at the Request of the Lady who lost the Necklace; *Desmochado* to execute it. I wonder much, said *Monipodio*, that this is not discharg'd, without doubt, somewhat has happen'd to *Desmochado*, for 'tis two Days past the Time

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* The *Spaniards* are so spiteful a People, and yet such great Cowards, that if they have a Pique against any Person, they dare not Revenge themselves, but hire these Bravoes to do it.

allow'd, and he has not set a Stitch in this Business. I met him Yesterday, said *Maniferro*, and he told me that the Hunchback being sick, was oblig'd to keep within Doors, which was the Reason he had not executed it. This I believe to be true, said *Monipodio*, because I believe *Desmochado* to be so good a Workman, that had it not been so just an Impediment, 'ere now he would have made an end of Things of greater Importance than this. Is there any Thing more my little Lad? No, Sir, answer'd *Rinconete*. Well, go forward, said *Monipodio*, and see where it says, Memorandum of Common Injuries. *Rinconete* went forward, and found written in another Leaf, Memorandum of Common Injuries, that is to say, *Blows over the Face with Viols full of Ink, Nailing of San-Benitos, and Horns at People's Doors, Jearings and Scoffings, fright'ning Folks, &c. What does it say underneath, said *Monipodio*? It says, reply'd *Rinconete*, Anointings with Oil of Juniper, in the House of ——— Don't mention the House, for I already know where it is, reply'd *Monipodio*, for I am the Manager of these trifling Things, and there are already given, on Account, four Crowns, the Whole is eight.

* This is done to disfigure People.

eight. 'Tis very true, said *Rinconete*, for this is all written here ; and a little below it says, Nailing of Horns at ——— Don't read, said *Monipodio*, the House, or where, for 'tis enough to do the Wrong, without telling it publickly ; and it's a great Load to the Conscience, at least, I had rather nail a hundred *Horns, and as many San† Benitos, so that they pay me for my Trouble, rather than tell it once, although it was to the Mother that bore me. The Executor of this, said *Rinconete*, is *Nari-guetta*. This is already done, and paid for, said *Monipodio*, see if there is any Thing more ; and if my Memory fails me not, there should be a Memorandum of a Fright, of twenty Crowns, half is already paid, the whole Community are to execute it, the Time allow'd, is the remainder of this present Month, it must be punctually comply'd with, without failing a Tittle ; and it will be one of the best Things of this Sort, that has happen'd in this City for many Years. Give me the Book, young Man, for I know there is

* Nothing raises the *Spanish* Blood so much, as even the bare mention of Horns, so that nailing them at their Doors, is the highest Affront imaginable.

† A San Benito is a sort of a Cross worn by converted *Jews*, when they come out of the Inquisition,

is no more, and I know also that our Business is very dead at present; but after this Time, another will come, and there will be more to do than we care for, for a Leaf does not move without the Will of God, and we do not oblige People to revenge themselves by Force of any one; but the worst is, every Man is valiant in his own Cause, and is not willing to pay for the Workmanship of the Work, if he can do it with his own Hands. It is very true, said *Repolido*; but pray Don *Monipodio*, see what Orders you have to give us, for it grows late, and the Heat comes on us apace. Observe your Orders, Gentlemen, said *Monipodio*, You are all to repair to your Posts, and let no one stir from them till *Sunday*, for we'll meet together then, in this very Place, and will divide amongst us what we get, without defrauding any one. To *Rinconete* the Good, and *Cortadillo*, I give you for your District until *Sunday*, from the Golden Tower out of the City, to the Gate of the Castle, where you may exercise your Art; for I have seen others of less Abilities than you, go off with twenty Rials a Day in small Money, besides Silver, with one Pack of Cards only. This District, *Salvato*, will shew you, and although you should extend your-

yourself unto St. *Sebastian* and St. *Elmo*, 'tis not much matter, although it is a Rule amongst us, that no one must meddle with what does not belong to him. The two Novices kiss'd his Hand for the Favour he had shew'd them, promising to do their Business well, and faithfully, with all Diligence and Circumspection. With this *Monipodio* drew out a folded Paper out of the Hood of his Cloak, which contained a List of the Fraternity, and said to *Rinconete*, put your Name there, as likewise that of *Cortadillo*; but because there was no Inkhorn, he gave them the Paper, that they might take it with them, and write their Names at the first Apothecary's Shop they should come to, setting down *Rinconete* and *Cortadillo* Brothers, no Noviceship, *Rincon* a Cheat, *Cortadillo* a Cutpurse, the Day of the Month, and the Year, without saying any Thing of Fathers or Country; whilst they were talking thus, one of the old Hornets came in, and said, I am come to tell you, Gentlemen, that just now I met with *Lobillo* of *Malaga*, and he tells me, that he comes improv'd in his Art, to so great a Degree, that with clean Cards, he can cheat *Satan* himself; and because he is but in a shabby Condition, he does not come immediately to
Register

Register himself, and pay his usual Obedience, but on *Sunday* he will be here without fail. I always thought, said *Monipodio*, this *Lobillo* would be an excellent Proficient in his Art, because he has the best, and most accomodate Hands for that Business any one could desire; for to be a good Workman in one's Business, it is as necessary to have good Instruments to work with, as a good Genius to learn it. I likewise met, said the old Hornet, in one of the Inns in the *Dyer's-street*, the *Jew* in the Habit of a Clergyman, who went to lodge there, having learn'd that two *Peruvians* lodg'd therein, and he had a mind to see, if he could not clinch them in Play, although but for a small Matter, that there might something come of it, he also says, that on *Sunday*, without fail, he will join us, and give Account of himself. This *Jew* also said *Monipodio*, is a keen Hawk, and has a great deal of Knowledge, 'tis a long Time since I have seen him, and he does not do well; but if he does not mend, I shall unfrock him, and let the World know, the Thief is no more in Orders than a *Turk*, and knows no more Latin than my Mother. Is there any more News? No, answer'd the old Hornet, at least that I know of. Well,
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may it be in a good Hour, said *Monipodio*, You Gentlemen, take this Money, and divide it amongst you all, there's forty Rials, and let no one be absent on *Sunday*. They all return'd him their Thanks, and turn'd to embrace each other, *Repolido* with *Caribarta*, *Escalanta* with *Maniferro*, and *Gananciosa* with *Chiquiznaque*, agreeing that at Night, after they had done the Work of the House, they would go to Dame *Pipota's*. Where also *Monipodio* said, he would go to Register the Basket of Linnen, but that first he must execute the anointing with the Oil of Juniper. He embrac'd *Rinconete* and *Cortadillo*, and giving them his Blessing, sent them away, charging them never to stay long in a Place, for that would be to their Disadvantage; *Salvato* accompanied them, to shew them their Posts, putting them in mind not to be absent on *Sunday*, because he believ'd *Monipodio* was to read a Lecture on their Art; with this he went away, leaving the two Companions in Admiration at what they had seen. *Rinconete*, tho' but a Boy, had very good Natural Parts, and as he had assisted his Father in distributing the Pope's Bulls, he knew something of good Language, and could

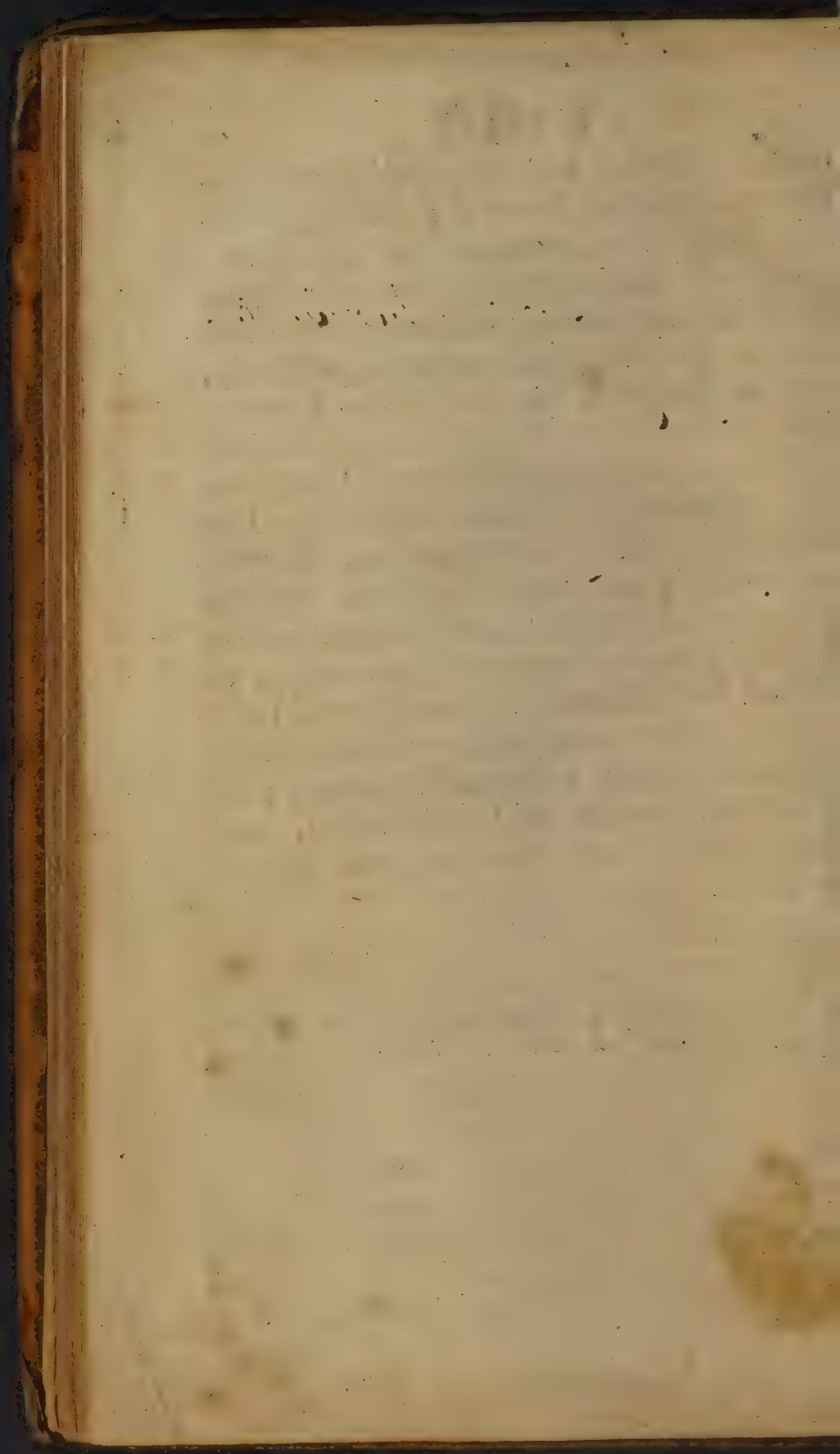
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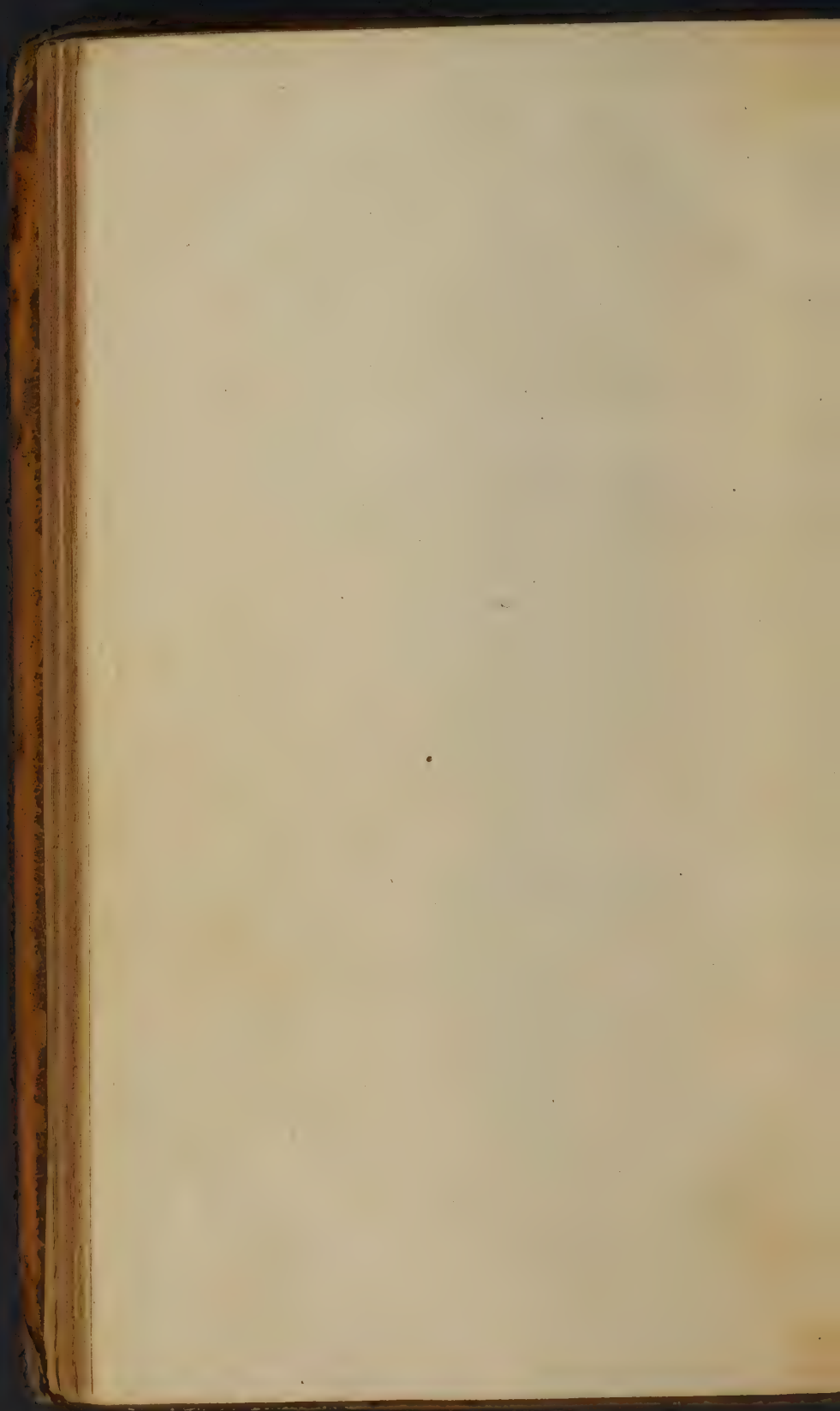
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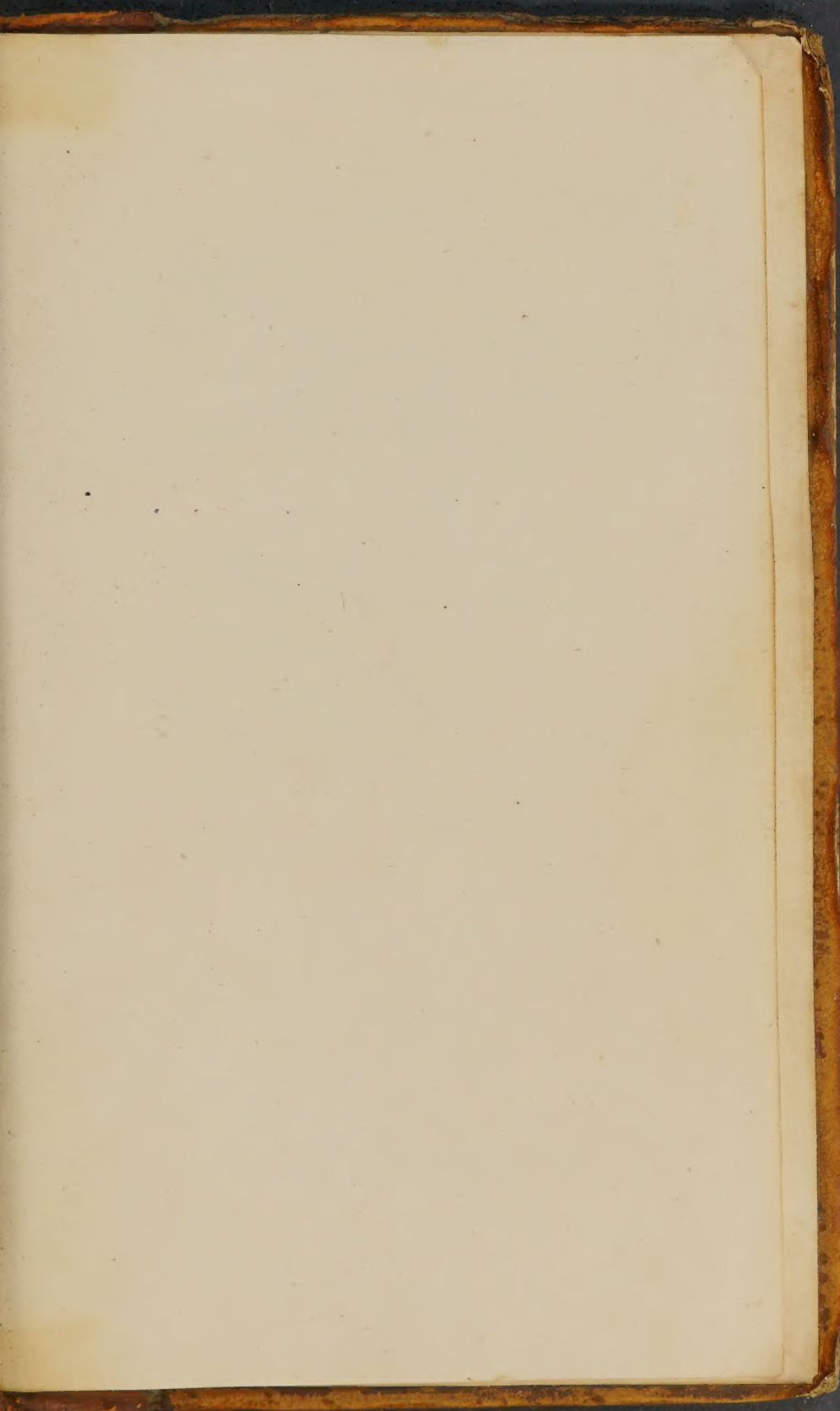
not forbear laughing to think of the Words which he had heard from *Monipodio*, and the rest of that blessed Community, how they brought out *Adversary* for *Anniversary*, and how *Caribarta* said that *Repolido* was a *Tarpeyan* Sailor, and a Tiger of *Ocana*, instead of *Hyrkania*, with a thousand other Impertinences, especially when she said that the Trouble she had to get the Four and Twenty Rials, she hop'd might be disounted by Heaven for her Sins : He admir'd much at other Things of the like Nature, and above all, the Security they were in, and the Confidence they had of their going to Heaven ; their Strictness and Constancy at Divine Worship, when they were so full of Thefts, Homicides and Offences to God ; and he laugh'd to think of the good old Woman *Pipota*, who left the Basket of stolen Linnen under Care in her House, and went to place little Candles to the Saints, and with this she thought to go to Heaven, without peeping into Purgatory : He was no less astonish'd at the Obedience and Respect all of them paid *Monipodio*, being a clownish, cruel, and wicked Fellow ; he consider'd what he had read in his Memorandum

randum Book, and the barbarous Employment they all follow'd : Lastly, he exaggerated the Carelessness of the Magistrate of that famous City of *Seville*, for suffering such an inhuman and pernicious Set of People almost publickly, and he propos'd to advise his Companion, not to stay long in so wicked and dissolute a Company ; however, being carried away by his Youth, and little Experience, he staid with them some Months, in which Time there happen'd Things which would fill a large Volume, and so I leave him for another Opportunity, to tell of his Life and Actions, with those of his Master *Monipodio*, and other Adventures in that infamous Academy ; all which are worthy of Consideration, and may serve as an Example and Advice to the Reader.

F I N I S.







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